

# Sports Illustrated



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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



MULVOY GETS TO THE HEART OF THINGS

One of the most dramatic personal accounts this magazine has published of an athlete's struggle between living and dying begins on page 56 with the first of two excerpts from the book *Happy To Be Alive*. It is the story of former New England Patriots Wide Receiver Darryl Stingley, written with SI Assistant Managing Editor Mark Mulvoy. The Stingley story begins on Saturday, Aug. 12, 1978, when Stingley was smashed into a state of quadriplegia by Free Safety Jack Tatum during a pre-season game between the Patriots and the Oakland Raiders, and then describes Stingley's fight for life in a California hospital. In Part II next week, Stingley depicts the continual adjustments he's had to make in order to cope with his new life-style. It's an inspiring portrayal of Stingley's immense courage, both in the living and the telling.

When he decided that he wanted to do a book about what happened to him, Stingley and his representatives, Jack Sands and Steve Freyer of the Boston-based Sports Advisors Group, Inc., began interviewing writers, searching for the right person to collaborate with a man immobile, often in pain and always battling to maintain concentration on the task at hand.

Mulvoy was their choice. "When I first met Darryl," he says, "I had prepared myself for the worst, and it was true that he couldn't move at all from

the neck down, except for the barest quiver of his right hand. But he was sharp, witty and very articulate. We rode in his med-van to a Red Sox-Yankee game at Fenway Park, and we sat together for all nine innings, talking about football, family and life in a wheelchair. A couple of obvious Yankee fans kept standing up in front of us, blocking our view. 'Down in front, down in front,' Darryl said. The Yankee lovers had had more than a few beers and they made a few crude remarks to Darryl. I told Darryl that we ought to leave before things got out of hand, but he would have none of that. 'You go, I'm staying,' he said. Finally an usher saw what was happening, and he told the Yankee lovers to sit down—or else Boston's finest would be removing them from the premises."

In mid-1982 Mulvoy and Stingley started to work on the book. "I made eight trips to Chicago, where Darryl lives, and we taped for two days at a stretch," Mulvoy says. "Darryl would stay at a hotel, we'd have lunch and then we'd work straight through until dinner. I also visited the hospital in California where he was first taken and spent so many critical days after the accident, and talked to many Patriot coaches and players. This is Darryl's story. It's in his own words."

Prevailing medical opinion is that Stingley will never walk again, but it is worth noting that almost two years to the day after Stingley and Mulvoy went to Fenway, Darryl threw out the first ball at a Milwaukee Brewers game. "Throw" is not the precise word," says Mulvoy, "but he raised his hand to shoulder level and lobbed the ball."

"I've worked on books with athletes like Jack Nicklaus, Bobby Orr and Ken Dryden (Mulvoy has written, co-authored or ghosted 12), but all of them were at the peak of their physical powers at the time. This was a far, far different experience. It was unforgettable and humbling."

*Robert L. Miller*

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## BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAYLOR

### THE NEGRO LEAGUE—THE NECESSARY PRECURSOR OF BASEBALL INTEGRATION

The quality that distinguishes Donn Rogosin's new book, *Invisible Men* (Atheneum, \$14.95), is passion, a passion for justice. The book is, then, a crusade, and should be read as such. Rogosin's aim—a modest one, he insists, and surely he is right—is to secure for the black athletes who participated in baseball's Negro leagues their proper place as contributors to the eventual integration of the sport and to many other aspects of 20th century American life. I find it overwhelmingly persuasive.

Rogosin is not nearly as good a writer as several others who have been drawn to this and overlapping areas of social history—Jules Tygiel, Robert Peterson, Roger Kahn—but his research skills and the impetus of the mission he assumed have diminished this deficiency to the point of inconsequence. He has a doctorate in American civilization, taught "The Cultural History of American Sport" at the University of Texas, has produced a four-part documentary on the Negro leagues for National Public Radio, and has on tape extensive interviews with a large number of the surviving black players, writers, owners and other participants in the turbulent decades before baseball rectified its hypocritical stand on racial issues.

Rogosin's thesis is that baseball was not integrated by Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson—the moralistic great white father and the shining black knight—as today's myth has it, but by the skills, determination and achievements of the men of the Negro leagues. Rickey "saw that integration was impossible to avoid," and he and Robinson, while denigrating the strong influence of black baseball, swam with the inevitable tide it created. The book does not attack either man but attempts to place their actions in proper perspective. Far more important—and entertaining—it exposes a long-hidden and often deliberately ignored chapter of sports and social evolution, thereby bringing recognition to the careers of many talented individuals. The author has served his passion well. **END**



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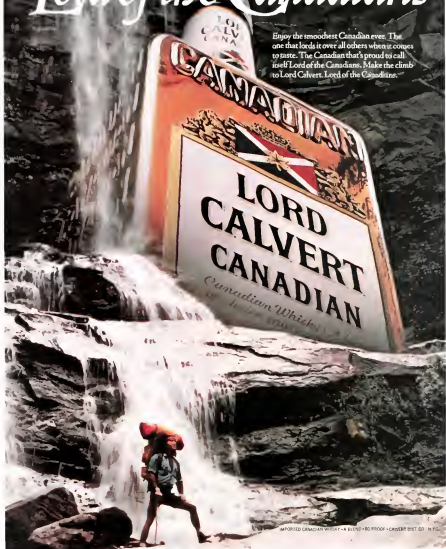
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## MAKING DO IN VENEZUELA

Senior Writer Pat Putnam reports from Caracas:

One of the best lines out of the IX Pan American Games (page 10) was uttered by an athlete up on his history. The fellow complained that while the rest of Latin America was commemorating the bicentennial of the birth of Simon Bolívar, officials at the athletes' village, 28 miles southeast of Caracas, appeared to be celebrating the centennial of the birth of Franz Kafka. Indeed, Kafkaesque snafus at times made life in the village rough going. When the contingent of 460 Cubans arrived, they were assigned to rooms that didn't yet have beds. The Colombians showed up and were given superfluous keys; their rooms had no doors. The plumbing was a disaster, electricity was a sometime thing and there wasn't much to do for kicks. Another good line came from U.S. basketball player Wayman Tisdale: "We don't have a curfew, and not having one is like punishment."

Still and all, athletes could while away the hours watching TV, and there were few complaints about the good and ample food. The graciousness of the Venezuelan people made the inconveniences more tolerable; in Caracas foreigners asking directions often were personally escorted to their destinations many blocks away. At competition sites, which were generally in better shape than the athletes' quarters, the crowds rooted against U.S. teams but seemed to do so out of pro-Latin and pro-underdog sentiment rather than any virulent anti-American fervor. "They're good fans," B.J. Surhoff, a catcher on the U.S. baseball team, said. "They weren't rooting for us as a team, but they applauded us when we made good plays." Recognizing that things could have been a lot worse, a U.S. coach said of conditions at the games, "What the hell, we're not here on vacation." That may have been the best line of all.

## HOOSIER MYSTERY

In the early 1950s Americans argued heatedly over the identity of the unspecified contents of a box that Phil Harris sang about in his hit song, *The Thing*. In the late '60s a mysterious object thrown

over a bridge in Bobbie Gentry's hit, *Ode to Billie Joe*, caused similarly widespread conjecture. Now Indiana's first-year football coach, Sam Wyche, has come up with a teaser of his own. At his instructions, the artist who did the painting for the cover of the Hoosiers' 1983 media guide has depicted Wyche pointing toward something in the distance. What's the coach pointing at? No clue is given, but SI has extracted the answer from Wyche. Please turn to the next page for the solution to this mystery.

## AN EVOLVING RELATIONSHIP

Kansas City Chiefs Coach John Mackovic has joined the chorus of people who say that pro athletes are different than they used to be. To show what he means, Mackovic cites the following changes in the way coaches have addressed their players over the years:

- "Go over and stand in the corner."
- "Please stand in the corner."
- "How about if you went over and stood in the corner?"
- "How about us talking about you standing in the corner?"
- "Why don't I go over and stand in the corner for you?"

## GOOD HIT, NO PITCH

A somewhat different lament about the changing nature of the modern athlete emanates from the training camp of the Green Bay Packers, a team that, by hoary tradition, makes rookies sing their college fight songs each evening in the dining room. According to longtime Packer watchers, this year's crop of rookies is the worst ever insofar as carrying a tune is concerned. "It's terrible, terrible," moans Wide Receiver John Jefferson, who's beginning his third year with the Packers after having spent three years with the San Diego Chargers. "We haven't got anybody who can sing." In addition to being dismayingly short of vocal talent, some first-year men are accused of increasing the affront by failing to give 110%. As Tight End Paul Coffman, a six-year Packer veteran, ruefully puts it, "They're supposed to sing for our enjoyment, but they get up there like it's a big joke."

## NO BATH WITH THIS POOL

Jay Flood, the swimming commissioner for the 1984 Olympics, has kept busy lately defending the McDonald's Swim Stadium, the new \$4 million outdoor pool on the USC campus that will be used for the Games. Ever since the pool was inaugurated last month for an international meet (SI, July 25), Flood has had to listen to griping by foreign swimmers and coaches that the facility doesn't have enough showers or warmup space and that the absence of a roof puts competitors too much at the mercy of the ele-



ments; covered pools have been used at every Olympics since 1964. Noting that the pool was built by the McDonald's restaurant folks, one critic objected that competing in it was like "swimming in a French fries box."

Flood says that additional showers and other amenities will be added for the Games, and points out that the pool appears to be "fast," witness Vladimir Salnikov's world record in the 800-meter freestyle in the inaugural meet. Flood concedes that weather can adversely affect performances in an outdoor pool but implies that this was the price organizers were willing to pay to keep their pledge to put on a "Spartan" Olympics. Invoking the memory of previous Games, which were burdened by huge costs, maddening construction delays and, ultimately, tremendous deficits (\$1 billion for Montreal in 1976), Flood says, "We're not building a monument. That's

continued

our motto. And we got done a year ahead of schedule."

Which brings us to Flood's deft squelch of one of the pool's most outspoken critics, Dave Johnson, coach of the Canadian men's Olympic team. Told that Johnson had complained that the new pool "sets Olympic swimming back 30 years," Flood unflinchingly replied, "We hope so."

#### BOO BOO WEIGHS IN

Because the scale at the Minnesota Vikings' training camp in Mankato, Minn. only goes up to 300 pounds, club officials were unable to accurately weigh the team's mammoth guard, Curtis (Boo Boo) Rouse. So they loaded the 6' 3" Rouse into the team van and rumbled off to a local grain and feed store, where they hoisted him onto a platform scale. The needle stopped at 318. Of the rather unusual weigh-in arrangements, Rouse said equally, "It's cool in the van."

#### GOING 56 IN A 55 ZONE

The USGA's decision two weeks ago to ban the Titleist 384 Tour ball, the overwhelming favorite of golfers on the PGA Tour, has been the subject of considerable misunderstanding. It was widely reported that the 384, so named by its manufacturer, The Acushnet Co., for the number of dimples it has, was banned because it played too long and straight. In fact, the 384 carries a long way but not any longer than the allowable limit—291.2 yards, as tested by "Iron Byron," the USGA's amazingly consistent mechanical man. The part about it being "too straight" isn't quite right, either. The real reason for the 384's ban was its failure to meet the requirement that balls play as though they were perfectly symmetrical. This failure meant, in theory, that a player could control the ball's course as desired—draw, fade, straight or whatever—by the way he oriented it on the tee. However, there was no indication that any tour player had been able to master the aerodynamic subtleties involved and actually achieve such an advantage.

Then why bother to ban the ball? The answer, USGA officials say, is that the potential for unfair advantage was there and that in the course of enforcing equipment rules, the line has to be drawn somewhere. Manufacturers will naturally

try to push rules to their very limits, but Titleist miscalculated and went a tad too far. "We tried to stay within the regulations as we saw them," says Bob Forbush, the firm's vice-president of sales and marketing. "It's as if we were going 56 in a 55-mph zone, and they had radar sensitive enough to pick it up."

Titleist, which sells 54 million golf balls a year and controls 40% of the world market, still has three USGA-approved, pro-quality balls available for sale, and it expects to have a modified version of the 384 ready for USGA inspection in September. In the meantime, the USGA's action gives a bit of a lift to the 384's competitors, including the 392-dimple Jack Nicklaus Muirfield, which is manufactured by MacGregor Golf Company, a firm owned by Nicklaus. A week before the USGA announced its ban, Nicklaus, who himself had played the 384 in four tournaments before the Muirfield 392 hit the market in June, told reporters that with the latter ball he was driving 20 to 25 yards farther than he had a few years ago, and that it may be time for the USGA to do something about the design one-upmanship that was resulting in balls playing too "hot" and carrying too far. When the 384 was banned the following week, Big Jack could scarcely complain. The next day, at the Buick Open, 13 players switched to the Nicklaus Muirfield, which may not play any faster or straighter than the 384, but so far has remained within the 55-mph limit.

#### HOOSIER MYSTERY (CONCLUDES)

Wyche says that he's pointing to Pasadena, the home of the Rose Bowl. His willingness to clear the air on the subject leaves only the question of how he intends to beat out perennial Big Ten powers Michigan and Ohio State for a Rose Bowl berth with a team that had a 5-6 record last year under Lee Corso. That's one mystery Wyche doesn't clear up.

#### ANOTHER SOUTHERN LEGEND

Sparks have been flying over a planned movie about the life of Bear Bryant. Before the retired Alabama coach died last January, he granted permission to make the movie, subject to his family's approval, to producer Larry Spangler, who now says, "The movie is about to start humming." But Bryant's daughter, Mae Martin Tyson, recently objected that she and

other Bryant kin hadn't approved the script, which she said contains language not in keeping with her father's desire that it be a "family movie." Nevertheless, Spangler has insisted that he will start filming in October, saying at one point, rather testily, "I am not going to let a Mae Martin Tyson stand in my way." Another source of conflict: Bryant's heirs haven't okayed Spangler's choice of the actor to play Bryant. He's Gary Busey, who's preparing for the part by trying to shed some of the 40-plus pounds he has gained since he played another Southern legend in the 1978 movie, *The Buddy Holly Story*.

#### CULTURAL EXCHANGE

Jim O'Donnell, a Philadelphian who lives in Lusaka, Zambia, where he runs the African branch of Sobek Expeditions, purveyors of rafting trips down exotic rivers, is a dedicated sports fan who wears a Phillies cap when meeting visitors at the Lusaka airport and who spends much of his spare time trying to teach Zambian youngsters the intricacies of baseball and football. He hasn't made a great deal of progress so far. For example, he complains that would-be native baseball players insist on sliding into all the bases, including first, even on walks. But O'Donnell takes somewhat perverse pride in one thing he has accomplished. In congratulating one Zambian athlete on a rare good play, he instinctively gave him a high five. It caught on instantly, O'Donnell says, and "has now spread through the land."

O'Donnell now proudly refers to himself as "the father" of the high five in Africa. And he says, expansively, "I think I'll introduce them to spiking next."

#### THEY SAID IT

- William E. Simon, president of the U.S. Olympic Committee, on the less-than-perfect housing conditions at the Pan American Games: "The athletes aren't complaining. They're all pros."
- Foge Fazio, Pitt football coach, upon learning that *Playboy* had predicted a 4-7 record for the Panthers in 1983. "I switched my subscription to *Penthouse*."
- Lou Holtz, Arkansas football coach, whose team is expected to have a sub-par season in '83: "When I get depressed, I just go home and read my five-year contract."

END



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# The Best Is Getting Better

From the springboard and the platform, the nonpareil Greg Louganis led U.S. divers and swimmers to a mass of gold medals in the IX Pan Am Games

by CRAIG NEFF

The Parque Naciones Unidas pool complex in Caracas had seen five days of raucous, emotion-filled swimming and diving in Pan American Games history, days of tears, jeers, rainstorms, records and confusion. But as the men's platform diving final moved toward its climax Sunday afternoon—old rivals Greg Louganis and Bruce Kimball trading tightly spun front  $3\frac{1}{4}$ s and breathtaking reverse cut-throughs against a background of Venezuelan hills speckled with shanties—the 3,500 spectators grew quiet. Having seen Louganis' spectacular springboard performance on Thursday, they now marveled at his graceful acrobatics off the 10-meter tower. They savored his splash-free entries. And they understood why, at age 23, with three world and 24 American championships behind him, he is considered the greatest diver of all time.

They also saw that he had not broken free of Kimball, 20, a University of Michigan sophomore and a five-time national platform champion. After leading Louganis through four of the first nine rounds, Kimball trailed now—but by only 16.92 points.

"Here we go again," said Kimball's father and coach, Dick, who'd seen this battle before. The two divers have competed against each other since childhood and have driven each other to such a high level of performance that judges have had to raise their standards. "They've seen us do the best dives we could ever possibly do," says Louganis. "Now they want something more."

Louganis' 10th and final effort would be a reverse  $3\frac{1}{4}$  tuck, whose 3.4 degree of difficulty is the highest of any platform dive. It is a perilous dive: In July, Sergei Shalibashvili of the U.S.S.R. hit his head on the concrete platform while attempting one at the World University Games in Edmonton. He fractured his skull and died a week later. "It was a technical error on the Soviet's part," Louganis says now. "Just a freak accident." But for a while it gnawed at him. "I felt guilty . . . [for] pushing people to do these dives," he says. Such is Louganis' talent that he has taken his sport far beyond its previous limits, perfecting dives that others cannot even try safely.

Here, in the final round, Louganis threw a

*continued*

In winning the springboard by 92.76 points, Louganis knew his only competition was Louganis.

$3\frac{1}{2}$  like none other in history. Launching himself far out from the tower, he whirled through his backward somersaults while plunging toward the pool at 10, then 20, then 30 miles per hour. He straightened, then pierced the water like a spear. With five 9.0s, a 10.0 and an 8.0 from the judges, Louganis earned 91.80 points—one of the highest totals ever recorded for a single dive. Even though Kimball followed with four 10.0s, two 9.5s and one 9.0 on his last dive, a back  $2\frac{1}{2}$  pike, he fell 23.46 points short of Louganis' winning total of 677.58. But Louganis was not gloating. "I think Bruce is going to start doing inward  $3\frac{1}{2}$ s and back  $3\frac{1}{2}$ s pretty soon," he said. "That will give him a higher degree of difficulty. Then let's see how it goes."

Louganis' platform victory climaxed a succession of excellent showings by U.S. divers. On Thursday Louganis so domi-

nated the men's three-meter springboard competition that he could have skipped the last of his 11 dives and still defeated runner-up Abel Ramirez of Cuba by more than nine points. As it was, Louganis finished with 724.02 points to win by more than 90. "On springboard I'm mostly competing against myself," he acknowledged afterward, adding that his goal in the event now is to score 800 points. "That's a lot to take on, but I feel every dive I do is potentially worth all 10.0s." Louganis already has earned as many as 18 10.0s and 752.67 points in a single springboard competition. No other diver in history has received more than seven 10.0s or broken 700 points. "People used to talk about the greatness of [Italy's] Klaus Dibiasi," says Canadian Coach Elizabeth Jack. "Greg has moved far beyond that."

Another of the sport's legends was Pat

McCormick, who won four Olympic and three Pan Am diving titles off springboard and tower in the 1950s. "She showed me her gold medals when I was a little girl," recalled her 23-year-old daughter, Kelly, last week. "I made a bet with her that someday I'd make an Olympic team and win." Kelly pursued gym-



Louganis won spectacularly from the platform

nastics for eight years, but at 15 she turned to diving. On Wednesday she put a little pressure on mom, winning the women's springboard title after a close battle with Wendy Wyland of Mission Viejo, Calif., and Sylvie Bernier of Canada. The Olympics are but a step away. "The bet's for a Porsche and either an ocelot or a cheetah," said a grinning Kelly, a 5' 4", 120-pound Ohio State junior.

McCormick's gold may be a springboard to a Porsche from her Olympic-champ mom.

considered, by her friends, to possess a bit of a wild streak.

Her rivals weren't so elated. So trying was the competition that afterward Wyland was almost in tears. Canada's Debbie Fuller, the sixth-place finisher, was actually crying on McCormick's shoulder, and world springboard champion



but rival Kimball is not about to go belly up



Twelve times a bridesmaid off the springboard, Wyland was no piker from the tower.

badly—it was hard to watch." In the women's platform finals on Saturday, Wyland put an end to her frustration with an impressive victory, while Neyer, away from her specialty, came in fourth. And thus, for only the third time in history, the U.S. swept all four Pan Am diving titles.

The U.S. swimmers, fresh off their best outdoor nationals in three years, came to Caracas confident in themselves but, like many others, wary about the games. "We weren't sure if we'd even find water in the pool," said breaststroke world-record holder Sieve Lundquist. Having heard rumors all summer of unfinished facilities and inept organization, swimmers and other athletes arrived to find workmen still hammering away in the Pan Am Village, no time schedules set up for events and round-the-clock traffic jams. With the village located about 20 miles outside Caracas, the U.S. team had to take rooms in a downtown hotel so its swimmers could rest properly

the day before competing. "Otherwise," said U.S. Head Coach Don Gambrell, "our kids would be spending eight or 10 hours a day just riding back and forth between the village and the meet." By far the fastest lanes in town were those in the newly built pool, which not only held water but so impressed the Americans that, in the words of butterfly world-record holder Mary T. Meagher, "When we saw it, we stood there with our mouths hanging open."

Other sights evoked gaping stares of a different sort. CBS-TV staffers saw an improperly bolted diving board fall off just days before the games opened. Driving rainstorms knocked down part of a pool light, chilled and stiffened swimmers and extinguished the Pan Am's not-so-eternal flame. For U.S. victory ceremonies, the swim organizers played a coarsely chopped-off version of *The Star Spangled Banner* and brought out Amer-

continued

Megan Neyer of the University of Florida—who hadn't even taken part, having failed to make the U.S. team in the event—was sitting on a poolside bench sobbing, being consoled by her close friend Louganis. "This makes 12 times I've finished second this year," groaned the 17-year-old Wyland, who won the women's world platform championship last summer in Guayaquil, Ecuador.

"I'm getting frustrated," said Neyer, who remains a favorite for next year's Olympics. "I wanted to be out there so



Lundquist lowered his 11-day-old 100-meter breast mark.

#### PAN AM GAMES *continued*

ican flags with stars on only one side. On Tuesday night, to the utter bewilderment of onlookers, a maintenance worker diligently bailed water out of the pool and tossed it onto the deck with a bucket, while several of his colleagues kept moving a line of unused wooden desks back and forth in front of the U.S. swimmers. "We will never lose a war to these people," said former UCLA star Bill Barrett, shaking his head.

It looked as though the U.S. swimmers might never lose a race in Caracas, either. Through Sunday night they had won 21 of 24 finals. "At least 70 percent of these [U.S.] swimmers will be in Los Angeles next summer," said Gambiri. "Here we want them to come together as a team." Breaststroker John Moffet of Stanford was more blunt. "After doing so poorly at last year's world championships," he said, "we just want to kick butt."

Moffet and Lundquist opened the kickfest with a dazzling 100-meter breast final on Wednesday night. While Moffet had looked sharp in the morning's qual-

ifying, Lundquist, who just 11 days earlier had lowered his world mark in the event from 1:02.53 to 1:02.34, had swum terribly. "People said it looked like I was taking a bath, but it was more like I was taking a drowning," said Lunk, who had been having trouble reading the walls on his turns. But Eddie Sunnott, one of Lundquist's coaches at SMU, wasn't worried. "Steve's not a morning person," he said later. "I knew that when showtime came he'd be ready."

Both Americans were, and they went out fast. Moffet turned 50 meters in 29.28 and Lundquist flipped at 29.31, just behind world-record pace. "I only caught a quick glance at John under wa-

ter," said Lundquist later. "I thought I was half a body length ahead." Lundquist swam smoothly and confidently toward home. Moffet stayed right with him, steaming toward the finish two lanes to Lundquist's left. Five yards from the wall, however, Lundquist lunged. Moffet did not, and that was the race. The scoreboard clock froze at 1:02.28—a world record for Lundquist by .06. Next to Moffet's name flashed 1:02.36. The third-best time in history. "The kid's too fast," said Lundquist with a look of mock terror. "What'll I do?" Abruptly Lundquist turned his eyes to the men's 200-freestyle final. "These people are going nuts," he said of the spectators, who were in a state of pandemonium.

That Caracas fans knew virtually nothing about swimming or diving didn't stop them from making noise. Deafening noise. Clapping, hissing, screaming noise. They continually greeted U.S. athletes with a chorus of shrill, dense whistles—which the Americans turned

into a dialogue by chanting, "U.S.A., U.S.A."—and broke into bright Spanish songs at the sight of Venezuelan swimmers and divers. When hometown hero Alberto Mestre, a University of Florida sophomore, placed second to UCLA's Bruce Hayes in Wednesday night's 200 freestyle, half of Caracas could hear the roar.

But Lundquist and other U.S. team members were paying more attention to the third-place finisher in the race, former 200-meter freestyle world-record holder Rowdy Gaines, who climbed out of the pool red-eyed, his head down. Gaines, 24, a longtime U.S. star in the freestyle sprint, had been contemplating retirement for months, his reasons ranging from financial woes to disappointingly slow performances. This latest defeat left him emotionally devastated. His



By virtue of his backstroke double, Carey is the most dominant of all U.S. swimmers.



teammates embraced him at poolside, offering encouragement. But Gaines had already made a decision: He had swum the last race of his career. He went back to his room and cried for hours.

Gaines, a 12-time national champion and the world-record holder in the 100-meter free (49.36), has always been outgoing and upbeat. Seeing him so dejected after his loss, U.S. team members couldn't help but rally around him. Gambriel spent three hours trying to bolster his confidence on Thursday afternoon, and one by one the other swimmers stopped by to cheer him up. Among them were Tracy Caulkins, who had been struggling herself lately, and world-record holder Cynthia (Sippy) Woodhead, whose 200-meter free victory in Caracas was her first major win after two backluster years. "They've been through what I'm going through," said Gaines. "I could tell they understood."

Especially helpful was the counsel of backstroke world-record holder Rick Carey of the University of Texas, who won Pan Am titles in both the 100- and 200-meter events. "It's funny, we've never been that close before, even though we both live in Austin," said Gaines. "Rick told me to dump all my pressures on him. That he could handle them. He kept telling me to relax and saying things like 'Fear sinks, courage floats.'" Experiencing at least a temporary change of heart, Gaines went back to the pool to anchor the victorious U.S. 4 × 200-meter freestyle relay team on Thursday and floated through the fastest American split of the night (1:49.03).

Carey again eased Gaines's anxiety before Friday's 100-meter free final, this time using, well, pop psychology.

"He said to go into it like [rock singer] Phil Collins says 'I don't care any more.'" Carey apparently called the right tune. "When I got out there," Gaines said later, "I felt like a weight had been lifted off my back." Further encouraged by another backstroke specialist—North Carolina junior Sue Walsh, who tied her American 100-meter back record of 1:02.48 on Friday night—Gaines managed to touch out Fernando Canales of Puerto Rico to win the 100-meter freestyle gold medal.

His winning time of 50.38 was more than a full second off his world record time, but Gaines didn't seem to care about that. He was more concerned about thanking his friends, especially Carey. "I know that he's younger than me [by four years], but now I look at him as my elder," said Gaines. "He's just so mentally tough. If I do keep swimming all through next year, I'll tell you this much: I'm going to train in Rick Carey's lane every single day."

Before Sunday's 100-meter backstroke final, Carey was the nervous one. And so Gaines came to the rescue. "He told me all the same things I'd been telling him all week," said Carey. "He told me to lift the pressure off my shoulders and toss it away." Thereupon Carey bettered his 15-day-old world record in the 100 back with a clocking of 55.19. "The record was in the turn," he said. "I really nailed it." The 20-year-old Carey has been nailing just about everything lately. Since Aug. 3 he has broken world backstroke records four times, presenting enough evidence to conclude that he's now America's most dominant swimmer.

Carey's 100-back victory made him



With Carey firmly behind him, Rowdy regained his spirit.

the fifth U.S. swimmer to win two individual events, the others being Hayes (200- and 400-meter freestyles), Lundquist (100 and 200 breaststrokes), Caulkins (200 and 400 individual medley) and 17-year-old Tiffany Cohen of Mission Viejo (400 and 800 freestyles). Yet it was Gaines who appeared to be the happiest one of all.

"This team is just incredible," he said as the medals kept piling up. "I've never been around a group of people who meant so much to me in my life, ever." That's why, after a week of swimming and diving in Caracas, the U.S. not only had collected plenty of gold, but held onto its Gaines, too.

END

# Where Have You Gone, Roger Staubach?

Embroiled in a quarterback dustup and beset by drug rumors, Dallas needs to find a leader—and quick

by **BRUCE NEWMAN**

**I**t is in the nature of pro football that its teams do not consume us—baseball is the consuming American sport. The hold of the NFL in most cities is firm but not grasping, like the grip of the league's offensive linemen most of the time. But the Dallas Cowboys are something different—a kind of majestic nation-state. Just as there are Kremlinologists, there are Cowboyologists, who watch the team closely. And the Cowboys have never been more watchable than they will be this season unless, of course, you are one of their Brazilian fans, in which case you will have to keep your distance.

Dallas is coming off the third straight year in which it ended the season losing the NFC championship game, and questions have been raised about some of the players' sense of discipline and purpose. After five trips to the Super Bowl in the '70s, the Cowboys have not been back in the past four years. Getting close and failing three times concerns them mightily. "It seems like by accident you'd get in one of the three times," says Coach Tom Landry. "We feel our personnel is good enough; we just need to be more of a team. The thing we discovered the past two years is that teams can go to the Super Bowl without great experience, as the 49ers proved, and without exceptional talent, as Washington demonstrated."

That's another nice thing about the Cowboys—they never lose games, but occasionally the other team does get lucky, as Pittsburgh did in its 24-7 exhibition victory last Saturday night. This season there is swirling about the team a drug controversy, a quarterback controversy—hereinafter known as the Quarterback Controversy—and a "team con-





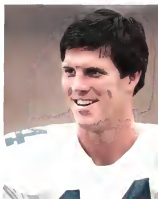
cept" controversy, which pretty much incorporates the other two. One thing that people haven't hitched their wagons to yet (there is also a "circle the wagons" controversy, but never mind) is that while Landry might be thinking about naming Gary Hogeboom the starting quarterback of America's Team, he pronounces the name hogen-boom, not hoag-th-boom, which seems worth a controversy of its own.

The Cowboys have achieved a record of stability under Landry that is unequalled in the NFL—16 playoff appearances in the past 17 seasons, including 14 trips to the conference championship game and a remarkable 17 consecutive winning seasons. The Cowboys have not had a losing season since 1964, the same year the Beatles first appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. The team currently closest to Dallas in consecutive winning seasons is the San Diego Chargers, who for the past five years have had winning records, Landry says with obvious pride. "We don't live from year to year around here."

Landry is a flinty conservative who has a way of making anyone who would change lineups "from year to year" sound like an impetuous rakehell. So it naturally came as something of a shock to the Cowboys when Landry announced this spring that he would be making shifts on a week-to-week basis. "Our approach will be one in which we'll be much quicker to change people—more," Landry said. "There won't be a situation as in the past where if a guy is just a nose ahead of the other, he'll play all the time. This year it's going to be very competitive."

And Landry didn't stop there. He made a reference to the "emergence" of Hogeboom, who had been the Cowboys' only bright light in that 31-17 loss to Washington in the NFC championship game in January. Implicit was a message

Against Pittsburgh, White was 11 for 14, including a TD, but it isn't certain he'll start.



Hogeboom has become a team favorite.

to the other Cowboys: If Danny White's job was in jeopardy, nobody's was safe.

White arrived at the Cowboys' training camp in Thousand Oaks, Calif. with no reason to believe he was in trouble, and he was confident enough to joke with the Dallas writers about what they were already calling the Quarterback Controversy. But White threw two interceptions in his first preseason appearance against Miami and was booed by the Dallas fans, while Hogeboom rallied the team to a 20-17 victory with two touchdowns in the final 1:53. Landry stirred matters up further by saying that White was still his starting quarterback, then adding, "but that could change." When Hogeboom was chosen to start the next game against the Rams at Anaheim, White became peevish with reporters and refused to discuss the situation. Clearly, for White, the fun had suddenly gone out of the contest.

Dallas pummeled Los Angeles 30-7, the Rams' only score coming when LeRoy Irvin intercepted one of White's passes and ran it back 80 yards for a touchdown. Hogeboom had won the first two rounds of what had now become an intriguing battle for one of the game's preeminent glamour jobs, and it was increasingly evident that the incumbent's self-confidence was slipping away. When

continued

someone brought up the Quarterback Controversy again after the Rams game. White said despairingly, "This thing has been milked and milked and milked. The cow is dry."

White's support among the Cowboys began to dry up last season when he seemed to adopt a pro-management stance during the players' strike, and he has had difficulty regaining the respect of many teammates. "I think it hurt him," says Wide Receiver Drew Pearson. "There were some things done on Danny's part that the majority of players felt were unnecessary. In the middle of negotiations, all of a sudden we see that Danny's going to [President and General Manager] Tex Schramm and trying to settle the strike himself. And when we said things among ourselves in meetings, well, I'm not saying Danny went back and told management, but things we said

got back. A lot of players resented it."

Hogeboom, meanwhile, began to enjoy the admiration of his teammates, and occasionally even found himself being compared with the most hallowed of Cowboy idols—Roger Staubach. "The players have a lot of respect for Gary," says Pearson, "because they know he can play. He exudes confidence. He gets in the huddle and he gives you this feeling, even when he's having a bad day, that he'll still be able to pull the game out at the end with a big play. There's only one other quarterback I've seen the same thing in, that mystique, and that's Roger Staubach."

One of the most obvious problems the Cowboys have had in big games in recent years is that no one, including White, has been able to fill the leadership vacuum which was created when Staubach retired in March 1980. Landry frets that the case with which the Cowboys have made it to the playoffs each year has made it possible to get by without a leader. "Most of our players don't know what it's like to lose," he says. "They've never had to face adversity. Winning becomes a habit. You assume you're going to be in the playoffs every year. It won't be long before you're not doing the things you need to do to get to the Super Bowl." And there lies the rub, for as Schramm says, "With the Cowboys, the Super Bowl is the only acceptable goal."

White believes that what Dallas needs to return to the Super Bowl is not a new quarterback, or even greater leadership. He is an advocate of strict discipline, particularly in light of rumors that several Dallas players were out late the night before the NFC championship game last January. White feels the incident, if true, may have been symptomatic of a greater laxity. "Something like that would have been reason enough to lose," he says. When White heard that Landry was thinking of increasing discipline during training camp this season, he encouraged the coach to get tough. Landry was only too happy to oblige.

From the first day of training camp, Landry was sending out more signals



For out-of-condition Martin, camp was a struggle.

than a semaphore with a twitch, and the message underlying each was the same: "This is not a routine camp." Curfews and bed checks were rigidly enforced for the first time in years, and players were fined for everything from putting their helmets down on the practice field to being late to meetings. Two weeks ago, 12 players who chose to skip lunch neglected to sign in at the team cafeteria as required. They were fined \$100 each. Landry later complained that because of the new Players Association agreement with the league, fining wasn't as much "fun" as it was when he could nail a player for \$1,000 for each indiscretion. "Every time they stepped out of bounds," says Landry, "they got hit."

On the second day of training camp, Landry put the team through punishing "grass drills," a form of torture he had not employed since the 1978 season, which, perhaps not entirely coincidentally, was the year the Cowboys last went to the Super Bowl. He made the players perform the drills in only one practice, but the threat lingered for the remainder of the camp. "It got their attention," says one Cowboyologist.

The grass drills probably hit 11-year veteran Harvey Martin harder than any of the other Cowboys because Martin



For Landry, coaching can be child's play.

had reported to camp out of shape and with his blood pressure above normal, probably a result of months of hearing his name linked to various Dallas cocaine investigations. Last August his name first surfaced in connection with a hairdresser named Danny Stone, who was indicted for conspiracy to distribute cocaine. When Stone was arrested nine pictures of Stone and Martin were found in Stone's house, though Martin insisted that he merely got his hair cut at the shop where Stone worked. Landry, who is bald, later said that he got his hair cut at the same place, along with Schramm and Director of Personnel Gil Brandt.

In May, Martin was sent to "evaluate" a drug rehabilitation center in Minneapolis. He and Receiver Tony Hill were subpoenaed to testify for the defense in the trial of a retired Brazilian soccer player named Lauro Ignacio, but neither was ever forced to appear, and Ignacio eventually was convicted of drug smuggling and is awaiting sentence. Martin was also one of five Cowboys publicly linked to further Federal investigations of the Brazilian cocaine-smuggling ring; the existence of the investigation was confirmed by Schramm as the team opened camp. The other players named were Hill, running backs Tony Dorsett and Ron Springs and Defensive Tackle Larry Betha.

Discussions of drugs in the Cowboys' camp usually went under the euphemistic heading of "distractions," and the players treated the whole subject as one big distraction. "You get tired of dealing with it," says Peterson. "We don't talk about it much as a team. It's kind of a touchy situation, so you stay away from it as much as possible." When he arrived in Thousand Oaks Dorsett held a press conference to deal with all the questions at once, then said he didn't want to talk about it anymore. But last week, when the Cowboys returned to Dallas for the remainder of the preseason, Dorsett did touch briefly on how the allegations had affected him. "It hasn't been a distraction to me," he said. "I don't understand the total picture, but my understanding was that it was very true what they were looking for. The whole thing would never have been more than a city [local] case if it hadn't been the Dallas Cowboys. I guess you're supposed to screen everybody you come in contact with to protect your image. When you're

America's Team, you gotta stay clean."

The drug involvement, if you can call it that, has hit the Cowboys right where they live—in the image. With all the Brazilians floating around the edges of the picture, the Cowboys are now being referred to by delighted cynics as South America's Team. "You certainly can't say this type of thing is a positive for us in terms of our image," says Schramm. "and we're very, very conscious of our image. But it's also been a very unfair thing because the impression around the country is that there's been some kind of investigation involving our players, and there has been no investigation of our players." No one can say at this point whether any of them will ever be charged with anything. And if they aren't, there is no assurance that that will ever be announced, either. "How do you get anybody to say it's over when nobody's ever said it's started?" says Schramm. "That's the terrible thing."

One remarkable thing about it is that the Cowboys now have their very own ex-FBI agent on the payroll. Larry Wansley, the Cowboys' new director of counseling services (they couldn't very well call him the team nore), is a former undercover cop who is supposed to keep America's Team off America's front pages by ferreting out trouble before it happens. His duties this season will include keeping "undesirables" away from the players' rooms when the Cowboys are traveling on the road. Presumably this means that if any Brazilian soccer-playing hairdressers carrying cameras and tiny spoons show up in the vicinity, Wansley will get suspicious.

Wansley says he has been well received by the players, but not all of them are happy with the idea that Big Brother Larry is watching. "There's a tendency to feel like I'm a grown man, and I don't need that," says Dorsett. "I don't think that's what we need to bring unity to this team. If we can't do it without a security man, we're in trouble."

The Cowboys had more than their share in Saturday's loss to the Steelers as Dorsett fumbled twice and Hogeboom

was intercepted twice in what was easily the worst Dallas preseason performance so far. White completed 11 of 14 passes and threw for a touchdown in the first half to clearly win this round, but Landry remained steadfast in his support of "Hoge-boom." White described Hogeboom's outing as "a good learning experience for him." And White was unwavering in his belief that Landry wasn't us-



Ex-cop Wansley will be counselor-in-residence.

ing him to try and make a point, no matter how convincing the evidence may be to the contrary. "I really don't think he's manipulating anybody," White said, "or that he's doing all this to be sending any messages."

But somewhere out there, Cowboysologists were studying their TV screens to see which quarterback Landry was standing closer to while the cheerleaders did their salute to *The Love Boat*. ■

# Above And Beyond The Call Of Duty

Battered and bruised, Henry Marsh still set a U.S. steeplechase record

by KENNY MOORE

**F**our days before last Wednesday's international track meet in Berlin, Henry Marsh sat in a Helsinki hotel room and displayed the injuries left by his dramatic fall over the last hurdle of the World Championship steeplechase. His right knee was so swollen after striking the barrier that it looked like a stockingful of tangerines. His left side ached where he had landed on his elbow, bruising ribs and, as he would later learn, tearing ligaments.

He couldn't run. He could barely get out of the wing chair in which he'd been squirming, trying to find a comfortable position. Yet he burned for retribution. He had been second and charging when he went down, concentrating on eventual victor Patriz Ilg (8:15.06) of West Germany. The championship and a sure improvement of his American record of 8:15.68 had been ripped away in that shocking and disorienting instant. The internal Marsh still seethed, loath to accept the loss.

"Berlin," he said solemnly. "If my knee comes around, I want to go for the American record in Berlin."

Friends were silent. Last week's meet in Berlin was only four recovery days from the accident. And because of heats and semis, Marsh had already run three hard steeples in four days at the Worlds. Everyone knew he was as game as men are made, but clearly it was hopeless.

The next day, Sunday, Aug. 14, he jogged twice, in wincing discomfort. On Monday he flew to Berlin. When he tried to run there, he said, "I couldn't make



100 yards. The knee was better, but the ribs were a lot worse." X rays were taken. "The doctor said it didn't matter whether a rib was cracked or not, there was nothing to do. If I ran, there would be pain, but no further damage. So I figured, O.K., if it's just pain..." Monday afternoon he managed 400 meters, then had to walk. He steeled himself and did 800, then had to walk. He kept on. His total when he quit was 3½ miles.

Tuesday evening, the day before the race, he went to the Berlin Olympic Stadium track, ran two miles slowly and, as a test, did a hard 200 meters in 26.8. Then he walked to his sponsor's meet coordinator, Pete Peterson, and said, "Pete, if it hurts that much tomorrow, I'm out of the race."

The next evening, Marsh warmed up under a turbulent purple and lavender sky, and it hurt just the same. "I am 50-50 whether to even run," he said. He put Petersons at the starting line to give lap times. He decided to go as far as he could. "I just was in such great shape before the accident," he said. "I can't stand the thought of all that preparation being wasted."

The 56,500 Berliners, who probably had seen his Helsinki fall on television, who knew him from his win in 8-18.58 here in 1981, gave him an ovation.

Rainer Schwarz of West Germany led Marsh settled into second-from-last, his thoughts focused on the alarming pain below and to the left of his heart. "I didn't know what to do," he would say later. "No matter what the doctor said, it seemed like I was causing fresh damage, not just feeling hurt ligaments rubbing my ribs."

Petersons watched him intently and shook his head. "I don't think he's going to go very far," he said. Yet Marsh ran and hurdled on, wondering what kind of nightmare his competitive instincts had gotten him into.

It had not been the best of nights for athletes fresh from Helsinki triumphs. West Germany's 800-meter champion, Willi

Marsh failed to make a splash in Helsinki, but he did not fall on his face in Berlin.



After clearing the final barrier, the one he hit in Helsinki, Marsh outgained Mattijärvi.

Wölbeck, faded in the stretch. David Mack of the U.S. did what he couldn't do in his semifinal in Helsinki. He escaped a box with 150 meters to go and won going away in 1:44.43. "I didn't really think of it as revenge against Wölbeck," said Mack, who nonetheless ran so hard that these remarks were delivered in spurts, along with portions of his lunch. "It was just to let people know I should have been in the Helsinki finals."

That compensatory urge was clear in many events. Calvin Smith, who had lost the Helsinki 100 meters to Carl Lewis by two yards, lost by only five inches in Berlin, 10.07 to 10.09. Smith was off to a clearly superior start. "But I wasn't used to being ahead at 75 meters," Smith said. "I relaxed a little, and he caught me."

Lewis was happy with a win by any margin. He had run through clouds of rumor since an Oslo newspaper had reported three days earlier that his testosterone test in Helsinki had been positive. "The

writer was just a kid, it seemed to me," said Lewis. "He had absolutely no basis for it, just his feeling that nobody could do what I've done without artificial aid. Basically it was a guess. A destructive guess."

To counter the spread of the tale, the IAAF medical chairman, Dr. Arne Ljungqvist of Sweden, released Lewis' test, which showed his testosterone level to be in perfectly normal proportion to his other hormone levels.

Nonetheless, the story had given Lewis three long days. "If that had kept on, the suspicion," he said after the 100, "I'd have gone home."

As it was, relieved after his win, he playfully leaned near a German reporter's microphone and, exhibiting his schooling in television, gave a creditable call of the mile. "Brian Theriot of the U.S. takes the early lead," he said, "followed by Mike Bolt of Kenya, Sydney Maree and, back in fifth, Steve Scott. The

continued

first quarter is 56.38, good pace, but they're slowing a little on the second backstretch. That's letting Scott and John Walker [of New Zealand] improve their positions.

"The half is in 1:54.50, which anyone who can add knows is 3:49 pace. Theriot is probably a rabbit, but he's a good one because he didn't drop out at the half. Whoops, he dropped out about a hundred yards later. But Bout takes over without a leadout. Marce is after him, and the roar you hear is for West Germany's Thomas Wessinghage in third. Scott and Walker are still fourth and fifth.

"The three-quarter is 2:53.60. Bout still leads, but now [with 300 to run] Marce moves out. Scott isn't going to let him get away. He kicks with 200 left. Off the last turn, it's Scott going wide into the lead and Walker going wider to chase him. He can't catch him, and Scott wins it in 3:49.21, which I believe is the fastest time in the world this year."

He believed right, though the time might have been even faster. "I could have taken off with a full lap to go and maybe cut one more second off," said Scott, "but I was conservative. I was flat emotionally. I went into it almost like a workout."

This, of course, was the not unnatural residue of his disappointment three days before, when he had been second to Britain's Steve Cram in the slow-paced, tactical World Championship 1,500 meters, 3:41.59 to 3:41.87. (By contrast, he

passed 1,500 in the Berlin mile in 3:35.36.)

"This is the way the final should have been in Helsinki," said Walker, who had run his last 800 there in 1:50.6, but was only ninth in 3:44.24. In Berlin, the 31-year-old Walker broke 3:50 for the fourth time in his career with 3:49.73. Wessinghage did it for the first time, scraping under with 3:49.98, a German national record.

"We should have made a pact, a Helsinki accord," said Scott to Walker. By that he meant a pact to share the pace, to make it hard all the way, instead of the last 600. "That was your best chance . . . and it would have saved me."

Now they must pout the tracks of Europe in hope of snagging another shot at Cram. This they mean to do. Walker's sheaf of plane tickets is as thick as a James Clavell novel. And he has another reason for all those races. The Berlin mile was his 85th under four minutes, more than anyone else had done.

"I want to do 100," he said. "I could have been a lot closer by now if I hadn't gotten sick last summer and run seven miles over four."

Walker's quest calls to mind that of Edwin Moses, who won his 82nd straight 400-meter hurdle race in Berlin, in 48.48. That tied the all-time record for such streaks, held by Harrison Dillard in the high and low hurdles; Dillard did that between July 1947 and June 1948.

"Glad to get that one out of the way," said Moses, who is married to a Berliner, the former Myrella Bordt, whom he coaxed from a successful career in costume and set design. It was here in the Olympic Stadium six years ago that he last lost, to West Germany's Harald Schmid. Since then Moses had run near-world-record times of 47.17 and 47.27 in Berlin, his own way of making amends.

Tyke Peacock seemed a variation on that theme. He had been second in the World Championship high jump, though both he and winner Gennadi Avdeyenko of the Soviet Union cleared 2.32 meters (7' 7½"). The difference was that Avdeyenko made it on his first try, while Peacock took three. "But I wasn't upset to get second," he said in Berlin. "The thing that left me hungry was that I'd just tied the American record [set by Dwight Stones in 1976 and tied by Del Davis last year]. I wanted to break it."

Only Peacock and Switzerland's Ro-



Peacock soared to a U.S. high-jump mark.

land Dailhauer were left jumping at 2.33 (7' 7¼"). Both missed twice. Then Dailhauer failed a third time and was out. "All right now, come on," U.S. Coach Russ Rogers called to Peacock, who is also a basketball player. "Dunk the ball, now. Dunk the ball."

Peacock went through his mesmerizing prejump routine, in which he squats, facing away from the bar for its scaling effect, then turns, rises and performs a funny little massage on the insides of his knees and on his sternum. After long moments standing and contemplating the bar—with surprise, with resentment—he rocked back, walked four steps, began to run, curled, jumped and cleared—by an inch.

"Knew I could. Knew I could," shouted Peacock, who was hugged by most of the jumpers and half the U.S. contingent. His tries at 7' 8" were not heartbreakingly close, but that glorious one at 7' 7¼" would have done it. Every year he gets better. "And there's another year to go," he said, with the ring of an Olympian promise.

Henry Marsh, three laps into the steeplechase, felt anything but promising.





Walker (60) and Wessinghage (282) chased Scott to the fastest mile of the year.

Grieme Fell of Great Britain had taken the lead and was driving the pace. "I don't mind losing, but I wanted a first time," Fell would say later. Marsh told himself that was what he wanted, too. "But all I could feel was my left side. I almost dropped out."

He heard Peterson's calling lap times. Since the water jump was outside the track, the race was barely more than seven circuits. Marsh had figured 70 seconds per lap would yield an 8:15. Now Fell had taken them from 71s to 69s. Gradually, Marsh's pain became less controlling. This being steeplechase, the discomfort of his building fatigue began to match it.

"I got into it after the mile," Marsh said later. His hurdling, always crisp, became even more precise. He was working low over the barriers, keeping good momentum over the water jump. Still, he was ninth. After five laps, which Fell completed in 5:50 and Marsh in 5:52, the pack began to string out. Marsh, moving on the inside as he often does, began to work his way up. Over the penultimate water

jump, he reached third. With a lap to go, the clock read 7:08. Marsh thought, "If I can do a 68, I've got a shot."

The lead had just been seized by Boguslaw Maminski of Poland, who had

been second in Helsinki. Marsh went right with him down the backstretch. Roth seemed to be running as fast as the mikes. Neither faltered over the last water jump. As the crowd screamed them toward the last hurdle, the Helsinki fall was on everyone's mind, including Marsh's. "I was careful," he would say. "I slowed down for it."

Which meant that once he was safely over, he still had to catch Maminski. Marsh did that, but hung there beside him for a few strides, both runners straining to summon everything. Then Marsh powered irresistibly past. He won by a yard, in an American-record 8:12.37. Maminski was clocked in 8:12.62.

Marsh had done it. And now the pain returned. He walked his victory lap. When teammate Doug Padilla ran to embrace him, Marsh moved away. "The ribs, the ribs," he said.

On the victory stand, he only raised one hand to the crowd. "Even though it didn't feel like it, it was perfect for me the way Fell and Maminski kept the pace hard," he said. "They were moving so fast I never could relax."

As he spoke, javelin world-record holder Tom Petranoff ran up and pumped his hand. "Great bleeping race" he said.

"Hey, you did all right yourself," said Marsh. "What was it, 88 meters?"

"No, 93.54 (306' 11")", during your last lap."

"Gee," said Marsh. "I missed it."

"I get done with my throw, I'm happy, I'm dancing," said Petranoff, "and I look over at that great bleeping race, and now I think I'll remember that longer than what I did."

Maminski, too, appeared before Marsh. "Hey," said Marsh. "I thought you said you were tired."

Maminski averted his eyes in the shyest of gestures. Later he would say, "Maybe I can run 8:10. Maybe that wouldn't be enough."

Viewing all this were Howard and Virginia Marsh, Henry's parents. They had never seen him run in Europe. But it was Virginia who surely came closest to explaining this astonishing performance. "We've gotten the feeling before that Henry only lets out what is necessary to win," she said. "But I believe he'll show us all he has someday. Maybe even next year."

END

Berliners toasted a favorite son-in-law, Moses.



# It's Not As Simple As A ... B ... C



Last week in Little Rock, Anderson pondered the dizzying tangle he found himself in.

**G**ary Anderson, star running back/receiver of the United States Football League's Tampa Bay Bandits, had been on the witness stand in a Houston federal courtroom only a few minutes when his attorney instructed him to read a paragraph from his four-year, \$1.375 million Tampa Bay contract. Anderson read the paragraph aloud, haltingly, striving to pronounce every syllable.

"Club. Guarantees. The. Payment. Of. Salary. For. The. First. Second. And. Third. Salary. Years. . . ." Anderson began. There were embarrassed looks in the courtroom as Anderson, after what seemed an eternity, finished the paragraph. ". . . If In Excess. Thereof Then Player. Shall. Keep. All. Such. Other. Salaries."

This exercise was to demonstrate to the court that for all practical purposes Anderson—called "the most versatile player I've ever coached" by Arkansas' Lou Holtz—"cannot read," according to his attorney, Charles G. Kang, and is "functionally illiterate," susceptible of being duped at any turn.

Anderson was in court on the morning of Aug. 12 to seek a preliminary injunction that would enable him to play immediately for the San Diego Chargers, the club that had selected him in the first round of this year's NFL draft. Nine days earlier, Anderson had filed suit against his first agent, Dr. Jerry A. Argovitz, a former dentist; Argovitz' company, Bandits owner John F. Bassett and the Bandits organization. Anderson's affidavit alleged that: (a) Argovitz combined with Bassett, the chairman of the expansion committee, to deliver Anderson to the Bandits in exchange for the Houston USFL franchise; (b) Argovitz never told Anderson he was to be awarded a USFL franchise; and (c) Argovitz misrepresented the Chargers' contract offer. Anderson asked the court to declare his Bandits contract void, award him \$289,000 in damages and allow him to play for the Chargers. Within hours after that suit was filed, Anderson signed a four-year, \$1.5 million deal to play for the Chargers. Anderson didn't get the injunction. What he got instead was a nod of sympathy

Gary Anderson can read playbooks but apparently not the contracts he signed with the USFL and NFL  
by BILL BRUBAKER

from U.S. District Court Judge Norman W. Black.

"I find this very distressing," Black declared after a five-hour hearing. "... A very fine young man is being put in the middle of a very unpleasant situation and being treated like a soccer ball."

In mid-May, Gary Anderson, human soccer ball, was the toast of Tampa Bay—a "new hero," as one Bandits official called him. In early August, he was a "full-fledged" Charger, in the words of San Diego owner Eugene V. Klein. Anderson told reporters at the Chargers' camp: "I feel good about being here." Now, the 6-foot, 180-pound Anderson finds himself in midair, suspended between two leagues, waiting to see who will get the last kick in a game that has no rules.

"Gary Anderson is a scapegoat," Argovitz, now managing partner of the USFL's Houston Gamblers, said last week. "He's a pawn in the first big battle between the great NFL and those little kids from the USFL."

The Anderson affair is a study in manipulation, pitting agent against agent, owner against owner and league against league, all in a mad scramble for a 22-year-old athlete who admits that, even after almost four years at the University

of Arkansas, he has trouble reading. In Fayetteville, Ark., Holtz strongly denied King's assertion that Anderson is functionally illiterate—which, by definition, would mean that he cannot read at a sixth-grade level. "Gary's bright," Holtz said, but he would say no more. Adella Gray, academic counselor for Razorback athletes, also disputed King's contention but acknowledged that Anderson has a serious reading deficiency. "It's a shame he got this far without being able to read," she said.

In fact, Anderson, a physical educa-



Anderson legged it to four touchdowns for the Bandits.

tion major, was able to maintain a C average and earn 82 credits—124 are required to graduate—during his 3½ years at Arkansas. He was one credit short of being on schedule to graduate in five years, but withdrew after the fall semester last year because, he says, "I was going to be drafted." Since leaving school Anderson has signed contracts with two agents and two teams. Was he capable of comprehending—indeed, reading—the terms of those contracts? "I let my wife read most of them," Anderson told SL. "She explains them to me because

when I read, I have problems understanding most of them."

Anderson's confusing odyssey began in Fayetteville last fall when, he says, he was wooed by more than 100 agents. On Nov. 9, Anderson and his fiancée, Ollie McGowan, met Jim Robinson, a recruiter for the Houston-based Argovitz. Shortly afterward, Anderson received a two-page letter from Argovitz. "As you have undoubtedly read, Argovitz players have received some of the most revolutionary contracts granted in recent years by the National Football League," the letter said in part. "... We of the Argovitz family desire to share with you the philosophy which has enabled me to build my business empire: 'A smart man is not the man who knows all the answers, but is the man who realizes what he doesn't know and surrounds himself with the best people to give him the best answers.' Gary, I look forward to our meeting and talking and to introducing you to the right people with the right answers for you and your future."

They met in Houston six weeks later, after the New Year's Eve Bluebonnet Bowl, in which Anderson scored two touchdowns and rushed for a career-high 161 yards in Arkansas' 28-24 victory over Florida. "I liked Argovitz because he represented a lot of first-rounders," Anderson said later. "And I figured to be a first-rounder, too."

On Jan. 3 Anderson decided to join the "Argovitz family." To do so, he had to sign a 630-word contract, stipulating he would pay Argovitz 7% of any money the agent negotiated, including loans and deferred payments. Of that, 4% would be payable upon execution of the contract, the remaining 3% within two years. By signing the contract, Anderson also

continued



**GARY ANDERSON** *continued*

agreed to hire Argovitz as his exclusive business manager.

On Jan. 4 Anderson was selected by the New Jersey Generals in the first round of the USFL draft. That same day, Argovitz guaranteed a bank loan of \$10,090.09 for Anderson, which Argo-

vitz said last week was "to carry him over until the [NFL] draft."

On Jan. 5 Anderson flew to a Generals press conference in New Jersey, but only three reporters bothered to show up. When Anderson held up his No. 43 jersey for photographers, a reporter asked him if he ever expected to wear it. "From what my manager tells me," Anderson

To attorney King (left), his client Anderson can be qualified as "functionally illiterate."

said, "the chances look pretty good."

The chances were bleak in the weeks that followed. Generals President and Head Coach Chuck Fairbanks shifted his attention to another running back—Herschel somebody—and showed diminishing interest in signing Anderson. Two weeks ago in a deposition, Argovitz testified that Fairbanks said, "We have all indications that Gary Anderson is going to be a second- or third-round draft pick in the NFL" and "we're prepared to make you an offer for a late second- or third-round pick." Argovitz said he told Fairbanks, "Save your words."

On March 23 Argovitz formed a partnership with three Houston businessmen to purchase a USFL expansion franchise for that city. On April 26 the Chargers selected Anderson as the 20th pick in the NFL draft. Anderson mugged for the cameras at a San Diego press conference, told reporters, "I want to come in here and make this team," and then participated in a San Diego minicamp from April 29 to May 1.

On May 2, after returning to his mother's home in Columbia, Mo., Anderson was summoned to Argovitz' office in Houston. "They said, 'We had another team interested in you,'" Anderson said in a deposition.

Gary's mother, Eshel Mae Anderson, who was widowed 21 years ago, was skeptical. "I think they messing you around, moving you back and forth," Anderson quoted his mother as saying.

While he was in Houston, Anderson learned that the Chargers had offered him a three-year, \$830,000 contract, that the Generals, who had by now signed Walker, had traded Anderson's draft rights to the Bandits and that Bassett was on his way to Houston, prepared to make a quick deal because he badly needed a running back.

On May 4 Anderson was introduced to Bassett at a Houston airport. "He seemed like he was honest," Anderson recalled. "He smiled and was always talking about, you know, sports and stuff like that. . . . He seemed nice to me."

The following day Bassett offered An-

*continued*

Argovitz got the USFL franchise in Houston and his client got a deal with Tampa Bay.



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derson that four-year, \$1.375 million contract—a deal that included an immediate interest-free loan of up to \$275,000, a \$500,000 signing bonus (\$200,000 up front, the rest deferred until 1987) and annual salaries of \$125,000, \$175,000, \$225,000 and \$350,000, the first three years fully guaranteed.

While Bassett waited, Argovitz spoke on the phone to San Diego General Manager John R. Sanders and gave him a "final" proposal: a guaranteed \$975,000 for three years (\$450,000 signing bonus; salaries of \$125,000, \$175,000 and \$225,000). Argovitz said Sanders refused.

Anderson then made a handshake agreement with Bassett that he would sign a Tampa Bay contract on May 9. Argovitz said he advised Anderson to return to Columbus and have his phone

calls screened. "I went back home, didn't answer no calls or nothing," Anderson testified. That same day, the USFL approved the Argovitz group as owners of the Houston franchise, which was not an expansion franchise and thus had nothing to do with Bassett's committee.

Meanwhile, Charger officials became frantic. Klein testified that when Anderson didn't answer their calls, he ordered Sanders to "send out a dragnet. Have people call the boy's mother. Have the coach call the boy's coach at Arkansas. Have the players, the other Arkansas players that we drafted, call Fayetteville, anywhere they can try to locate the boy."

Sanders phoned Argovitz, but the agent denied any knowledge of Anderson's whereabouts—a denial that was challenged by King during the taking of Argovitz' deposition.

Q. (King) "You, in fact, knew where he was, didn't you?"

A. (Argovitz) "Yes, sir."

Q. "You lied to him?"

A. "If you want to call it lying. You call it what you want to call it. I was protecting my client."

Q. "You made a misstatement to Mr. Sanders, didn't you?"

A. "It's possible."

Q. "Is that in the normal course of your obligations as an agent?"

A. "Sometimes it is, yes."

On May 6, Argovitz' corporate accountants advised Anderson—in a letter to Argovitz—that he should pay Argovitz' entire negotiation fee this year rather than defer 3% of it as was indicated in the contract. Thus, said the accountants, who share the same offices and phone number with Argovitz' firm, was to give Anderson an additional tax deduction. Anderson agreed to pay Argovitz' entire fee up from The tab, \$96,250.

That same day—unaware that Ander-



Bassett: Anderson's all mine.

son was in the Bandits' fold—Sanders said he phoned Argovitz with a new deal with no specifics: \$1.5 million for four years. Argovitz later denied that he ever received that offer.

On May 7 Anderson flew to Tampa. Two days later Anderson signed the Bandits' contract and then appeared at yet another press conference. "I'd prefer to play [running back]," he said. "I went to San Diego's mini-camp, and they had me at wide receiver. We never got to prices. Tampa came along and I jumped at it."

In San Diego, Klein

was seething.

"It's not over yet," he told reporters. "There was no good-faith bargaining whatsoever between us and Anderson. One day Gary Anderson is going to wake up and realize what Mr. Argovitz did to him, and Mr. Argovitz is going to be in for one sizable lawsuit."

Anderson celebrated his new wealth by buying himself a silver Jaguar (price: \$36,887). He bought his mother a four-bedroom house (\$64,500), furniture (\$8,000) and a Chrysler (\$14,000), and he also gave her a check for \$10,000.

On May 15, coming off the bench in his first pro game, Anderson rushed for 99 yards on 18 carries, caught four passes for 54 yards and scored the Bandits' winning touchdown against the Arizona Wranglers. "Electrifying," Tampa Bay Coach Steve Spurrier called Anderson.

Gary and Ollie were married two days later. There was no time for a honeymoon, but Anderson's rookie season—eight games, 516 yards rushing, 347 yards receiving, four touchdowns—was blissful enough. On the day of the Bandits' last game of the season, July 2, Ollie gave birth to a girl, Antisha. One of the first congratulatory calls came from a sports columnist, Lloyd C. A. Wells of the *Forward Times*, a weekly newspaper that circulates primarily in Houston's black community.

Wells had interviewed Anderson soon after he joined the Bandits and had made a plan that he was no ordinary sports-

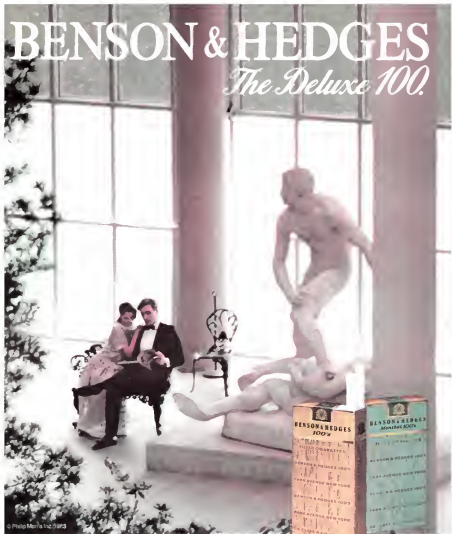
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Klein threw out a \$30,000 dragnet for his first-round draft pick but didn't haul him in.

# BENSON & HEDGES

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writer. Wells had, in fact, been a scout for the Kansas City Chiefs and a member of Muhammad Ali's entourage. When he met Anderson, Wells was an aide to Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, former WBA light heavyweight champion, who was in training in Jacksonville.

According to Anderson, Wells, 59, visited him in Tampa three times and bought him a Nikon camera and a leather

all his life," Anderson said. "... [Wells] said he didn't believe that San Diego was offering that less for me, being my name, and that I can go to San Diego and help out. He believed that they was offering more."

(Wells admitted to SI last week that he had negotiated only one contract as an agent, although, according to former Kansas City Coach Hank Stram, as a scout for the Chiefs Wells had signed some players to free-agent contracts.)

One day in mid-July, when he was visiting Anderson in Columbia, Wells said he would be available to be his agent and would try to make a deal with the Chargers. "He said, 'If you want to do anything about it, we can make a mutual agreement that he would be my agent,'" Anderson testified. "And I said, 'Yes, we can.'" And, yes, they did. Wells's fee was 6%.

Besides delivering him to the Chargers, Wells also promised to attempt to put Anderson in the movies, but a film deal never materialized.

Wells took Anderson to L.A., with funds borrowed from the Chargers.

Wells phoned San Diego Assistant General Manager Paul (Tank) Younger, a longtime acquaintance, with the news that Anderson was flying to California and wanted to negotiate with the Chargers. Klein said he authorized Younger to give Wells an unusual \$5,000 loan—unusual because NFL clubs don't generally loan money to agents, and because it had no interest or payback terms, as Klein admitted later. Klein subsequently authorized additional loans to Wells of \$5,000 and \$20,000.

"He [Wells] said that he needed it for expenses to find out or attempt to find out exactly what happened from Mr. Anderson and his relationship with Mr. Argovitz and why indeed he signed with Tampa Bay," Klein explained in his deposition.

Wells asked Younger to recommend a reputable agent to assist him in the negotiations with the Chargers. According to Klein, Younger suggested several agents, including Marvin Demoff, the Los Angeles-based attorney who negotiated John Elway's \$5 million deal with the Denver Broncos this year.

Using the Chargers' money, Wells took his new client to L.A., where they rented a car and drove to Ali's house; Ali wasn't home. The next day, they met with Demoff, who referred them to the law firm of Luce, Forward, Hamilton &

jacket. Anderson was questioned about this by Bruce W. Greer, attorney for Bassett and the Bandits.

Q. "Did you know why he was giving you these presents?"

A. "No. We got to be pretty good, you know, friends . . . and he said he didn't have nothing else to do and he liked to be around friends, and we got to be real close."

So close that, by season's end, Wells was offering his opinions on Anderson's contract. "He said he had done contracts





Scripts in San Diego. That firm represents the Chargers and, citing conflict of interest, referred them to Bracewell & Patterson in Houston.

Wells then flew with his client to Houston, where they met King, of Bracewell & Patterson, who agreed to represent Anderson in a case to be filed in a Houston federal court. On the afternoon of Aug. 3 King sought a temporary restraining order that would enable his client to sign and practice with the Chargers without interference from the USFL. That evening Wells and Anderson flew to San Diego and at Younger's apartment, Anderson signed a series of four one-year Charger contracts. The total package was worth \$1.5 million, including a \$550,000 "signing, reporting and playing bonus" and salaries of \$150,000, \$200,000, \$250,000 and \$350,000. But the deal was not as attractive as it appeared: \$800,000 of the total package was to be deferred beyond 1986, and the salaries were guaranteed against injury only in the year in which an injury occurred. The Chargers gave Anderson \$50,000 of his bonus up front. At the time, Anderson was elated. But nine days later, when Anderson responded to questions from Greer, it became apparent that he hadn't fully understood the terms of his San Diego contract.

Q. (Greer) "The contract is for how many years?"

A. (Anderson) "Four."

Q. "What do you get paid for each of those four years?"

A. "115—the first year, 175—the second, 2—I don't remember. I don't recall the last two years for sure."

Q. "Are you familiar with what they call a guaranteed contract?"

A. "Right."

Q. "Now, is this contract guaranteed?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "What do you mean by that when you say that it would be guaranteed?"

A. "It would be guaranteed that regardless of

what is happening, your contract is guaranteed."

Q. "If you get hurt?"

A. "Right."

Q. "You get paid throughout the whole four years?"

A. "Right."

Q. "How about if you get cut from the team for any reason?"

A. "Everything is guaranteed, you still get paid."

Q. "... Did you read the contract at the time?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "You read the whole thing?"

A. "I breezed through it."

Q. "So you didn't read it carefully?"

A. "No."

Q. "Did anyone read it carefully?"

A. "My wife, she read it."

Q. "Did she read it very carefully or—"

A. "I don't know how carefully she read it, but she read it."

Q. "Did Lloyd [Wells] read it?"

A. "I'm not for sure whether he read it."

Anderson testified that his wife paid Wells \$15,000 for his services. The money came from Anderson's \$50,000 bonus.

On Aug. 4 Judge Black granted the temporary restraining order, apparently unaware that Anderson had already signed with the Chargers. When he heard the case on Aug. 12 and denied the injunction, Judge Black admonished the Chargers for "financing" Anderson's "cause." He called it "a very sad commentary." The judge concluded: "I don't find any evidence that Dr. Argovitz or anyone else entered into a conspiracy against Gary Anderson.... The most telling point is the fact that the contract [Argovitz negotiated with Tampa Bay] has as good or better present value as the one he got from San Diego."

Last week, Anderson drove with his wife and daughter in his silver Jaguar to his in-laws' house in Little Rock, Ark.

"I just wanted to get away from this all," Anderson said softly. "Right now, I'm caught in the middle of something. At times, I've been confused by this all. But I think I'll come out of it all right."

But the Anderson affair is not over. Not by a long shot.

In Houston, Anderson's attorney said he has no intention of dropping the lawsuit against Argovitz, Bassett and the



Ollie had Antisha as the Bandits' season ended.

Bandits. "Beyond that, we haven't made any plans yet," King said. One option, he said, would be to file an antitrust suit to enable Anderson to play in both leagues.

In Florida, Bassett and the Bandits are considering legal action against Klein, the Chargers and the NFL. "Gary Anderson and Tampa Bay are the victims," Greer said. "San Diego has hurt Gary Anderson's public image, and Tampa Bay had a valid contract which San Diego interfered with."

In San Diego, the Chargers now refuse to talk about the whole affair. "I can tell you that the Chargers do not intend to be involved in any future legal action," said Miles Harvey, a club attorney.

In Houston, Argovitz declined to comment on whether he plans to file suit against Wells or anybody else. "I will say," Argovitz said, "that the Chargers took a nice young man and warped him and turned him against the people who really cared for him."

Also in Houston, Wells said, "My lawyers told me not to say a word about the case. They told me it could do nothing but create a problem. So I don't want to create a problem, you know."

And, in Little Rock, Anderson was wondering in which direction he'll be kicked next. "I never thought pro football would be like this," he said. **END**

Anderson bought a house for Mom, a Jag for himself.

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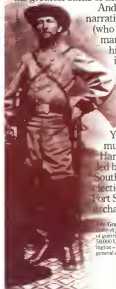
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## A Bloke With Designs On The Cup

On a sunny morning early this month a big, rumpled man in his mid-40s ambled out of a shed on a wharf in Newport, R.I., blinked once or twice behind his metal-rimmed glasses at the brightness of the day, and then smiled for no particular reason except perhaps that he liked being outside better than inside and smiling better than not smiling. Ben Lexcen, designer of *Australia II*, the 12-meter yacht that has had Newport buzzing like an angry bee ever since this America's Cup summer began, is not a desk man. His office is in his head. In fact, Lexcen's head is one of Australia's natural resources. And if *Australia II* should happen to beat the American defender in the Cup series that begins Sept. 13, Lexcen's head is likely to be declared a historic monument as well.

A grinning, blue-eyed, slightly amorphous monument with heavy dark hair that stands straight up from having had thick weathered fingers running through it at 30-second intervals. In Newport, a town where this summer hardly anybody seems to like anybody else, nobody doesn't like Ben Lexcen. "He's not only a brilliant person," says Ted Turner, who as skipper of *Courageous* beat Lexcen's *Australia* in 1977. "He's one of the funniest and nicest guys to be around that you could ever find."

"He's a one-off," says John Longley, the project manager for *Australia II*. "There was a flash of lightning one day and there he was."

Is it Ben Lexcen's controversial keel that makes *Australia II* so fast? An edgy Newport waits and wonders  
by SARAH PILEGGI

"There's obviously a lot of love there," says John Bertrand, the helmsman of *Australia II*, who once worked for Lexcen in a Sydney sail loft. "He has a heart of gold, for a start. He would never intentionally hurt anyone, and he's a brilliant man. You don't have many like that."

Even the competition, other naval architects who fight for a piece of the 12-meter pie with the ferocity of pit bulls, has kind words for Lexcen. Johan Valentijn, the designer of *Liberty*, the American favorite at the moment, worked with Lexcen on *Australia* in 1976 and 1977. "I've always admired him because I think he's very smart," says Valentijn. "We worked together for a year and a half and we had a great time together, and when our paths parted we left on good terms."

"He's an independent thinker," says Dave Pedrick, the young designer of *Defender*, another of the three American

Twelves. "Basically, he doesn't assume that the present way of doing things is the end of the line."

Before Lexcen designed *Australia II*, with her revolutionary bulb-nosed, winged keel, the 12-meter class was considered pretty near the end of the developmental line. The measurement rule that governs the class seemed to have been stretched as far as it would go.

*Australia II* is Lexcen's third Twelve, which makes him as old a hand at that esoteric game as anyone around these days. (Olin Stephens, the dean of yacht designers, is not involved in the Cup this year for the first time since 1937.) While Lexcen's first *Australia* lost to *Courageous* 4-0, she came back, redesigned, in 1980, and although in the end she lost 4-1 to Dennis Conner's *Freedom*, she threw the first bona fide scare into the U.S. defenders in years.

Lexcen blames himself for the 1980 failure. "We could have won three or four of those races last time but we were just dopey," he told Bruce Stanard of the *Melbourne Age*. "I personally was the dopest. I was tactician and I was scared. I got stage fright because of the way *Freedom* had chewed up the other [American] boats. We didn't win because we weren't man enough. Their people were better than ours."

This summer Hugh Traherne, a sailmaker from Sydney, is serving as the tactician on *Australia II*, while Lexcen is pacing the decks of *Black Swan*, the syn-



A radical bulb-nosed keel with sweep-back "wings" on each side and a double-jointed fin tab on the trailing edge make the *Auspro* challenger sharply different from a more conventional 12-meter (indicated by the dotted line).



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON MOSS

deate's tender. And *Australia II* is chewing up the foreign opposition the same way *Freedom* did the Americans in 1980. Last Sunday, with a 7-1 record in the challengers' semifinals and an impressive

43-5 record for the summer, *Australia II* had clinched a spot in the challenger finals beginning on Aug. 28. It's obvious that this time it's the Americans' turn to be scared.

How much of *Australia II*'s success is attributable to Lexcen's design, how much to the skill of her crew and the vast experience of her shoeshed managers, many of whom are now in their fourth Cup campaigns, and how much to sheer Australian guinness is still open to question. Whereas crews, management and sails are variable factors that can be dealt with and adjusted as the situation requires, boat speed, the end product of design, is not. If one boat is significantly faster than another, no amount of tinkering with people and equipment can bridge the gap. But until two boats actually meet, there is no way of knowing which is faster. It has so far been observed that *Australia II* has very good maneuverability in the starts, that she tacks quickly and that she accelerates out of a tack quickly. Her keel could account for all that. On her record she would seem to be faster than all six of the other foreign challengers, but whether she is faster than any of the American boats, no one yet knows. As Valentyn says, "If you win a lot it means that everybody else is very poor or you're really fast. The chance for either one is 50-50. No doubt the boat is a good boat, but they [the Australians] always seem to end up on the right side of the course, to pick the right wind shifts, and that's experience. They have a boat that's maybe a superboat or maybe just a regular good boat, but it makes them look supersmart. On Sept. 13 maybe we'll have a different view."

If the New York Yacht Club has its way, the view of the starting line on Sept. 13 may not include *Australia II* at all. On July 24, with a memo addressed to a member of the international measurement committee responsible for certifying the Twelves, the N.Y.Y.C. fired the first shot in a war of letters, memos and telexes that has grown increasingly nasty

*continued*

The man and his boat: Everyone likes Lexcen, but that can't be said of *Australia II*.



in succeeding weeks. In that first memo, Robert McCullough, chairman of the club's selection committee, contended, among other things, that if the wings on *Australia II*'s keel are taken into account, she will measure out to something more than a legal 12-meter—say, a 12.5- or 12.8-meter. The Australians reply that their boat has been measured under the rule, that it has been declared legal by an international committee of measurers, and that the N.Y.Y.C. has no right to try to change the rules in the middle of the game. The International Yacht Racing Union, the body to which the N.Y.Y.C. has addressed its complaints, has agreed to review the matter on Aug. 30, just a week before the challenger—and defender—must be chosen.

As the paper war escalated, only one laugh, a horse laugh, echoed through the old Newport armory that serves as press headquarters. The laugh came when America's Cup veterans read the following memo, written by *Liberty*'s navigator, Halkey Herreshoff, in support of the N.Y.Y.C. action: "... there is no precedent for the shrouded, clandestine attitude of the Australian syndicate shutting out competitors from their rightful knowledge of that against which they are competing under known, strict rules." Clandestine is and always has been Newport's middle name.

Not surprisingly, Australians both in Newport and Down Under have taken the efforts to discredit their boat personally. Alan Bond, the syndicate head, was almost shaking with fury when he said, "This, of course, is an attempt to undermine our morale, but it is not succeeding." Telegrams of support from home paper the walls of the syndicate office in a shed at Newport Offshore:

"Don't let the miserable efforts of the N.Y.Y.C. distract you. The b—s are running scared."

"Bring back the old tin cup and make the Yanks compete here. At least we'll give them a sporting chance."

"If in doubt, bring out the secret weapon. Hold a koala over your opponents' martins."

Keeping his head while all about him were losing theirs was smiling Ben Lexcen. He'd seen it all before. "They started it as psychological warfare, a game, but





now they're believing their own press releases," he said of the N.Y.C. as he strode toward a deli for a burger. Lexcen has the build of a grinder, those brawny crewmen whose shoulders power the winches that trim the sails of a Twelve. He wears faded blue shorts, an equally well-worn polo shirt and deck shoes—the waterfront uniform. "I thought you had to be sharp to be in New York," he said over his shoulder. "But I went to a 12-meter owners' association meeting the other night and a couple of them were there. I was stunned. I'm going to find out what business those guys are in and I'm going to get into it. I'll be rich." Then, shifting gears, he said, "That's it, though. They're not in business. Their fathers were in business, or their grandfathers. These guys all live in Vermont or somewhere."

Lexcen was born in 1936 at a dusty crossroads called Boggabri in the Australian outback, 200 miles from the sea. "I went back there one time to have a look," he says. "If you don't know Australia you can't even imagine what it was like. Australia is very dry and dusty once you get over the mountains along the edge of the coast. The rivers are hundreds of miles apart and they're just dribbly, slow, meandering streams. A big town will be about a thousand people, O.K.?" Not poor, but a bit ratty. One main drag, nothing else, and usually a lovely center—Victorian architecture, stores with awnings to keep the sun off. A bit like High Noon, you know? This town that I lived in is the next step down.

"I have no idea what my people did," he continues. "It was the Depression. They did nothing. They walked around trying to get a job, with me under one arm and a suitcase under the other, that's what they did. I remember when I was really young my father used to cut timber to make railroad ties. By hand. Then the war came and he went into the Air Force, and away he went and he never came back. He didn't get killed, I mean. He went off with another woman, and my mother never forgave her. Or me."

At the age of six Lexcen went to live with his maternal grandparents in New-

castle, an industrial town on the coast 75 miles north of Sydney. There he roamed the beach because it was free and made model boats to sail in rocky pools. "My grandmother died when I was about nine or 10, and I lived alone with my step-grandfather till I was about 14 or 15. He was a very quiet old guy, never talked much. He just lived to keep me alive. He became my slave without me knowing it. He used to cook my food, wash my clothes, never disciplined me or told me to do anything. I was a completely free agent. I never appreciated what he did until about 20 years later when he was old, old, old. When I was about 12 he nearly died of a cerebral hemorrhage. While he was in the hospital, his real children came to divide up his possessions. I remember it plain as day. This guy had nothing. He was just a poor man who worked in somebody's bloody house and stoked coal for the fire. His name was Mick. Mick Green. He was in the Boer War, the First World War; he was at Gallipoli, Flanders, the battle of the Somme. I've read that Australian casualties in that war were terrible. Guys just got up and went. They didn't even have to. They wanted to save the kingdom, or something like that. Even when I was a kid, Australia was full of a lot of fantastic... oh, I don't know what you call them. When your car broke down 20 people would stop to help you fix it. Now they drive by and don't look. It's kind of like New York. No eye contact."

Lexcen is a throwback. He didn't go to school until he was 11 and he quit at 14, as soon as quitting was legal. At 15 he went to work as an apprentice machinist in a railroad foundry. The apprenticeship lasted six years. Throughout those years he was building, sailing and racing boats. He had progressed from childish models made from scrap to serious racing models built from designs published in an English model boat magazine to small racing dinghies. When the apprenticeship was finished, he left the foundry and went to work for Peter Cole, a skilled Sydney sailmaker who cut his cotton sails in a church hall and sewed them up with the help of his wife in a small room in a Sydney wharf district known as Balmain.

"Then I got ambitious, or something," says Lexcen, "and I wanted to have my

continued

**This summer Australia II has amassed an impressive 43-5 record over her six rivals.**

own sailmaking business. So I went to Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, where there were no sailmakers but there were some boats." It was in Brisbane that Lexcen began to design racing skiffs. In Australia, 18-foot skiffs, "eye-deers," are the stock cars of yachting. Their devotees have traditionally been blue-collar workers and red-tempered gamblers. Lexcen's design completely revolutionized the class, and not everybody concerned liked it. "Those old 18-footer guys were rough, tough blokes," says Longley. "Several times Benny wasn't able to come ashore and take his boat out of the water, because he was going to be brained by someone."

With his reputation made in eye-deers, Lexcen moved on to bigger boats. His first ocean racer, a 40-footer named *Mercedes III*, was high scorer in the 1967 Admiral's Cup, which the Australians won by the widest margin ever. His next was *Volante*, a 54-foot "rule ignorer" built for a New Zealander who didn't care whether he won a race; he just wanted to beat 70-footers across the finish line. *Volante* caught the attention of Bond, a self-made millionaire from Perth on Australia's west coast, who wanted a 58-footer for day racing on Perth's Swan River. The result was *Apollo*, one of the most famous Australian ocean racers of all time.

"So poor old *Apollo*, which wasn't supposed to go out of the Swan River, ended up sailing hundreds of thousands of ocean miles," says Lexcen. *Apollo* led to *Ginkgo*, *Apollo II*, *Ciel III* and finally, in 1974, to *Southern Cross*, Lexcen and Bond's first collaboration on a 12-meter for the America's Cup.

Let's back up a little. Throughout his rise to design prominence, Ben Lexcen wasn't Ben Lexcen, he was Bob Miller. In the late '60s he and a Sydney sailmaker, Craig Whitworth, had formed a company that by the early '70s had become successful in both sailmaking and yacht design. Then Miller and Whitworth had a falling-out. Miller left the firm, but found he could not take his name with him. "I had had a great design business, a fantastic business, and I lost all that," says Lexcen. "They were advertising everywhere, and all my mail was going to them. I tried

to get the post office to change it. Noooo. I just had to do something, so I changed my name. Lexcen was one of my wife's family names from way back. I had a friend who had a computer check it against the mailing lists of the Reader's Digest and American Express to see if there was anybody with that name, and there wasn't, at least not in Australia." And Ben? "I wanted the same number of letters."

Bob Miller went down in flames with *Southern Cross* when Courageous beat her 4-0 in the 1974 Cup series. "That



McCullough's memo was the first salvo in the war.

was a bit of a wank," Lexcen has said, "because I thought I was a lot smarter than I was. Actually, I think I was pretty smart, but I didn't trust myself. I thought I wasn't educated enough, so I went out and hired bloody experts and engineers to do things."

Bond stuck with his designer for a second try, however, and in 1977 Ben Lexcen rose from Bob Miller's ashes with the first *Australia*. In between, though, Lexcen had a few rough years. "We all need recognition," says Raza Bertrand, the wife of the *Australia II* helmsman. "But people who are creative need it more than the average Joe. With *Southern Cross*, everyone said it

was just a dog boat. That's really hard to take, and Ben still had to go home and survive it."

Only since 1980 have 12-meter people begun to talk seriously about the possibility of the U.S. losing the America's Cup. One reason is the rule change made by the New York Yacht Club, to its eternal sporting credit, that allowed foreign challengers to avail themselves of American sail technology. That evened the odds some. But just as important is the fact that Bond and his Australians are now in their fourth Cup campaign and have amassed more experience than any other challenger since 12-meters became the vessels of choice in 1958. Says Turner, "I think they pose the greatest threat in the history of the Cup."

Seven of the 11 *Australia II* crew members have sailed in Cup races at least once before. Bertrand, an Olympic bronze medalist in the Finn Class and the holder of a master's degree in ocean engineering from MIT, has competed in four "I sailed with *Australia* in 1980, when Dennis Conner was on *Freedom*," he says. "He, like any other top sailor in the world, is very, very good, but like any other person, very beatable. In 12-meters, if you don't have the boat speed to match the opposition, then they're all awesome. If you have equal or better boat speed, then it becomes a real yacht race. Dennis is no better than 10 other helmsmen in the world, and I race against those 10 quite a lot. It's my feeling that *Australia II* is the fastest boat in Newport."

"I think our greatest strength is the smallness of our group," says Warren Jones, *Australia II*'s executive director. "We brought 28 people here. A week ago there were only 21 of us left. We can cut corners. We can be like a little group of commandos versus a big infantry that's got to have all sorts of rules."

As a Newport veteran, wife of the skipper and mother of three, Raza Bertrand has become the unofficial den leader for the group of crewmen's wives and 10 children who live in two rented houses on Denison Street, down near the docks. "We're a very family-oriented campaign, with all the children here, and we seem to be fairly self-contained," she



says "The crew is unbelievably close. We had a dinner at the crew house the other night and I was quite taken by the love and support that is there."

Lexcen and his wife, Yvonne, live nearby in another rented house. Lexcen is godfather to two of the crew's children, but the children to whom he is closest, his three step-grandchildren, are at home in Sydney. "My whole life is around those kids," he said. "If they have a day off from school, I have a day off and I spend it with them, if they want me. Wind surfing, teaching them to make things on a lathe, playing Space Invaders when their mother's not looking. I try to teach them how to survive in the world."

Anybody who can survive four America's Cups would have to be a good teacher. Lexcen thinks *Australia II* will win this time if the rulemakers give her a chance, but even if she doesn't, he has plans for a different sort of life from now on. For one thing, he would like to build some more ocean racers. "A 12-meter is too long between when you get the concept and the design to when there's a result," he says. "Two or three years. If you're doing ocean racers, there's a new one almost every month. Good or bad, you get a kick out of it." He also plans to sail every day next year, "for several years, I hope, if I live that long."

"I don't want to set the world on fire. I tried that when I was in my 30s. That's a road to nowhere. You end up in a box, dead. Everybody, Alan Bond, Bob McCullough, the Aga Khan, the taxi driver on Thames Street, the garbage man, all end up in the ground, dead. So you got to squeeze the goodness out of your life."

In 1981, a year after the America's Cup races were over, Jim Hardy, the helmsman of *Australia*, was knighted for his valiant but losing effort. If *Australia II* were to win, would Ben Lexcen be knighted? "They'd never knight me," says Lexcen. "What about the owner? What about the skipper? Besides, there's a socialist government in Australia now and socialists don't knight people. They have orders, like the Order of Lenin. They have the Order of the Kangaroo, or something."

But what if? Lexcen chuckled. "Then I'd have to go around like Jim Hardy all the time." He tucks his chin against his neck and straightens the knot of an imaginary tie. Sir Ben.

END

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many guys who flat-out love to pitch as much as he does."

Indeed, Saucier's credo—"Gimme the ball!"—was the kind they etch on bullpen walls. "I go out there with confidence," he declared, "and I just know there's no son of a gun alive who can hit me." A professed "loony" and the darling of Tiger fans, he laid claim to "the whole bit—pitching, limelight, notoriety, money." Knocking down \$140,000 a year—and any batter foolhardy enough to try and dig in against him—Saucier once mused. "You know, I love this game so much that when I get close to the end, I reckon they're gonna have to rip this uniform right off me because I ain't gonna give it up that easy. I want to play, I reckon, until I'm 45."

That was last season, shortly before

experience a premature flameout, nor will he be the last, but few pitchers have lost their stuff so precipitously and so inexplicably.

Son of a government employee at the Pensacola Naval Air Station, Saucier was selected out of high school by the Philadelphia Phillies in the second round of the 1974 free-agent draft and, with a \$24,000 bonus and \$7,500 in incentives, dispatched to the club's Pulaski, Va. farm team. No phenom with an express ticket to the bigs, he progressed slowly, stopping at all the required way stations—Spartanburg, S.C.; Hampton, Va.; Reading, Pa.; Oklahoma City. "I never had what you would call natural ability," he says. "I had to work at it."

And work Saucier did, for 5½ years, in fact, trading on the kind of raw, unbr-

## Picking Up The Pieces

Detroit's former bullpen ace Kevin Saucier realized this spring that he'd never pitch again—but he's not about to complain

by RAY KENNEDY

The other day, while he was rummaging about the house, Kevin Saucier picked up a baseball and studied it with the quizzical detachment of a man who had chanced upon a moot rock. "It was like a foreign object, something I'd never seen before," he says. "Then I remembered, and the terrible feeling came over me again. It was scary."

Scary because this is the very same Kevin Saucier (pronounced so-shay) who, just a few hopping fastballs ago, was one of the premier relief pitchers in baseball—the one they all called Hot Sauce, a fiery-eyed lefthander who was at his roiling best for the Detroit Tigers. "Not only is Kevin very aggressive, taking no nonsense and going after everyone," said Tiger Manager Sparky Anderson during the 1981 season, "but I haven't seen

Saucier was stricken by "this strange, terrible feeling," an affliction that caused him to lose his control—and very nearly his wits. This spring, after making one last effort at "getting it all together again," no one had to rip off Saucier's uniform, wrenchingly, tearfully, he hung it up on his own at age 26 "while I still had some dignity left."

What happened? No one—not his therapist, his wife Karen, the many coaches and players who tried to help, and least of all Saucier himself—knows the answer to that question. "I wish I could explain it," he says. "If I could, I'd still be out there pitching." Instead, he is back home in Pensacola, Fla., out of work, short on cash and aware that the closest he will ever come to major league baseball again are the bats, boxes, gloves and other sports equipment he is selling out of his garage to make some extra money.

Saucier is not the first hot property to

died desire that got him through a so-so minor league career—and into a lot of costly scraps. He had a serviceable curve and a fastball that rode in on lefthanded batters; how far inside depended on the state of his temper, which was usually steamy. Once, after a heated exchange with a batter, he brushed him back again, touching off a free-for-all that was, he says, "maybe the biggest fight ever in baseball." Another time, when he was tagged for a triple and had to hustle to back up third base, he used the opportunity to run over an umpire who he felt had made some bad calls. "It seemed like every day I was writing a check to the league," Karen Saucier says. "It was in our budget. You know, rent, food, utilities, fines."

Soon after he was called up by the Phillies in June 1979, Saucier became involved in a brushback duel with the Chicago Cubs' Mike Krukow. Saucier ultimately struck Krukow in the back with a fastball and they fought in another bench-clearing brawl. "I don't take any

continued

Saucier's Pensacola house is up for sale, but he's far from being down in the dumps.



Though his pitching days are gone forever, Saucier is still a hit on the softball field.

**KEVIN SAUCIER** *Continued*

nonsense on the mound," he announced. "If I feel that other pitchers are throwing at my teammates, they are going to suffer the consequences."

In 1980, teaming with Tag McGraw in the bullpen for a potent one-two porsside punch, Saucier was an important factor in the pennant drive that culminated in a World Series victory for the Phillies. He finished with a 7-3 record, a 3.42 ERA and enough votes to win an award as the Most Popular Phillie. That November, to complete a trade that brought veteran Reliever Sparky Lyle to Philadelphia, Saucier was dealt to the Texas Rangers, and they in turn shuffled him to the Tigers three weeks later for Shortstop Mark Wagner.

Saucier responded by treating Detroit to his best season ever in 1981, registering 13 saves and a 1.65 ERA. In a rating system introduced by SI, Saucier was tied for fourth among all the relievers in the majors. In 49 innings he gave up only one home run and 21 walks, and was the most effective reliever in the majors when it came to retiring the first batter he faced. High-stepping off the mound like an ostrich in heat, hand-slapping and hugging every teammate within reach after a save, the "Flying Saucier" became

the hottest attraction to land in town since Mark (The Bird) Fidrych flapped into view in 1976.

Hot Sauce was also an A-1 mover and shaker in the dugout. On one occasion, when Detroit was trailing Baltimore 4-0, he banged his head on the bench a few times and shouted, "What's going on here? Let's get going!" Whereupon the Tigers rallied to win 5-4 with Saucier getting the save. "I'm a hyper person and I've always had a funny walk on me," he says of his prance-and-dance routines. "So when I did a good job or we needed to keep loose, I wasn't afraid to show a little emotion."

Or a lot of bewilderment when, during a relief stint in Oakland on May 28, 1982, he unaccountably and without warning "lost touch with things" for the first time. With Tony Armas at bat, Saucier recalls all too vividly, he released a fastball that missed the plate by a good five feet and sailed off in the direction of the Golden Gate Bridge. Shrugging it off as "one that got away," he then threw a slider that, if anything, was more erratic than the previous pitch. "I said to myself, 'What the hell's going on here?'"

Sparky Anderson was asking the same question when, in a stretch of 16 innings over the next few weeks, Saucier gave up 17 walks. Moved from short to middle re-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMIC

lief, he had not worked in seven days when Anderson called on him to quell a Texas Ranger uprising. He walked the first batter he faced, and Captain Hook yanked him. Summoning Saucier to his office the next day, Anderson said, "I want to send you down to Evansville to get yourself in order." Saucier, incensed because he felt he had not been given enough work to stay sharp, snapped, "Stuff it!" and stomped out.

"I like Sparky as a person," Saucier says, "but I just don't think he knows how to handle pitchers."

Perhaps not so coincidentally, at the time Saucier was also attempting to resolve a serious strain in his marriage. He recalls, "I almost lost my wife and my daughter, Stephanie, and I said, 'Whoa.' There's nothing that's worth that. Thankfully, I saved my marriage before that happened."

In Evansville, "it was like I was starting all over again," says Saucier. Working on his mechanics with Pitching Coach Billy Mufflet, he tried throwing from the right side of the rubber and then the left, speeding up his delivery and then slowing it down, taking one deep breath and then two. Nothing seemed to make a difference. He says, "It got to the point where I was so unsure of my touch I started asking guys how they gripped their fastball." And it showed: He was 0-4 with Evansville, had an earned run average of 7.36 and allowed 23 walks in 22 innings.

Discouraged but determined to "hang tough," Saucier elected to spend another month of search and rediscovery in the Florida Instructional League. This time his results—only three walks in 14 innings—were heartening enough to send him home for the winter with a firm belief that "I could pitch in the big leagues again," and a resolve to give up cigarettes and beer.

Though in prime physical shape when he reported to the Tigers' training camp in Lakeland, Fla. this February, Saucier was unprepared for the quirky mound games ahead. At first he threw well in batting practice, humming them in as of old. But then, in the second week, he says, "Whack! That strange feeling hit me again, and it seemed like things were twice as bad as before. Understand, I wasn't just missing high or low. I was missing side to side. I was throwing pitches 20 feet behind hitters. I could

have hurt somebody, but then again, I never got that close. I just didn't feel right. It was like I was under a spell. It was a feeling of being lost, like trying to type with no fingers. What do you do? You're lost. You can't help yourself. You try, you try to relax, and you just can't."

Convinced that he needed professional help, Saucier agreed to meet with Dr. Deborah Bright, author of the self-help book *Creative Relaxation: Turning Your Stress into Positive Energy*. Bright, a former competitive diver whose doctorate is in education, had worked with Tiger Pitcher Dan Petry, helping to relieve him of "the pressure of being afraid to make a mistake." Bright spent most of one season helping Petry work on his confidence, but Saucier's crisis was such that she had to compress her time with him and his wife into two all-day sessions.

"The stakes for Kevin were high; consequently, so was the pressure he was experiencing," Bright says. "Spring training was nearly half over and he had reached a point where he could barely go to the ball park. He had exhausted all his resources."

Bright ran Saucier through a kind of

basic stress-survival course. She taught him the value of "personal quiet time," provided him with specific exercises for "unwinding effectively," for isolating and developing the elements that enhanced his performance and expunging those that did not. "Too often," says Bright, "athletes with natural ability are not aware of what it is they do that makes them play well, and when they get off track, they don't know what to look for. Also, few realize how much their private lives can affect their public performance. Kevin? I suggest that there were probably several factors that contributed to his decline. Stress at home. The two trades. The shock of that first wild pitch. The demotion to the minor leagues. And then, of course, the everyday pressure that baseball, or any sport, triggers."

The therapy helped, Saucier says, "but deep down inside I knew something was still very wrong." His first three exhibition outings, in which he gave up a total of two hits and one run in three innings, were largely stress-free. The next time out, however, he was scheduled to work the sixth inning against Minnesota but at the last minute was moved up to the fifth

instead, and, as a result, had to cut his customary 25 warmup pitches to seven. Whacko! He gave up five runs and as many hits, including a grand slam home run to Gary Ward.

The next day, Saucier was told that Anderson wanted to see him. "I told Karen that it was either one of two things: One, he was going to apologize for bringing me in with only seven warmup pitches, or two, he was going to release me. But I wasn't kidding myself; I knew I was gone."

Gone he was. "I guess that was just Sparky," Saucier says of his release. "We had our fights. I think he was dead set against me making it. Maybe it was just baseball's way of telling me I didn't belong anymore." Anderson says, "Pitching the way he can, Kevin could've helped us. Pitching the way he was, he couldn't. So we had no choice. Who knows what went wrong? I don't, and I doubt if he does. It's just a damn shame."

Nevertheless, one more team was willing to give Saucier another chance. After what Karen tearfully called "the worst week of our lives," the Atlanta Braves offered him \$30,000 to pitch for their Richmond, Va. Triple A team and said they'd give him \$100,000 if he moved up to the parent club. Saucier, clinging to the hope that "a change of scenery might help," accepted.

When Saucier joined Richmond at their spring training camp in West Palm Beach, he threw well on the sideline and in intrasquad games. But when called on to pitch in an exhibition game against Columbus, the New York Yankees' Triple A team, he fell apart. It's all a nightmarish blur now, but Saucier remembers giving up maybe five runs, four or five walks and, most terrifyingly, making a horrendous—and, no doubt, record-setting—seven wild pitches.

"It was unbelievable," he says. "I could hear the guys on the Columbus bench laughing, saying how I'd freaked out. They had no idea what I was going through." Finally, a badly shaken Saucier called Richmond Manager Eddie Haas to the mound and said, "Eddie, you got to get me out of here. I just can't handle it anymore." Then Saucier trudged off, and sat down and wept.

*continued*

With his wife, Karen, and daughter Stephanie, 4, Saucier swings into a new life-style.



"It's funny, but when I was coming up, control was my main thing," says Saucier. "I mean I could really pump that ball in there. I used to get mad when I wasn't out there pitching. And then all of a sudden I didn't want to go out there anymore. I was afraid I was going to kill somebody. I had thrown at hitters before, sure, but I never threw at their heads. The difference was I had my control then, and I knew where I was going to hit them. But now, well, I just had no idea where that ball was going to go, and it scared me so bad I thought I'd crack up."

through a call to Steve Blass, the former All-Star pitcher and World Series hero for the Pittsburgh Pirates whose similar inexplicable loss of control forced him to quit the game in 1974. No matter that Saucier was unable to reach him Blass still lives in the Pittsburgh area, doing promotional work for a beer distributor and working as a broadcaster, and now is then, having tried everything from psychoanalysis and hypnosis to an ophthalmologist, he has no answers for himself or anyone else. A decade after his first attack of wildness, Blass reports, "I

Exchange Park to play a slo-pitch softball game. When someone tentatively asked if he would like to pitch, Saucier laughed for the first time in a long while. "Not unless you want somebody to end up with a softball in their ear. Hell, no. I want to go in the outfield and have some fun for a change."

The Sauciers have also had to change their life-style. Unable to meet the payments on their new Buick Regal, they recently sold it for \$10,500 and then bought a '68 Mercedes for \$5,000. And they have put their ranch home, which they bought two years ago for \$95,900, on the market for \$116,000. When they find a buyer, they plan to move in with Karen's parents until they can reestablish themselves.

"Welcome to the real world," says Saucier. "Hey, we're scuffin' a little bit. But so what? Everybody keeps asking, 'But what about the money?' Sure, the money was good in baseball, but I'd rather be broke and be happy." He laughs. "They're not going to back that Brink's truck up to my grave."

That's the power of creative relaxation for you. Indeed, the Sauciers have been turning so much stress inside out lately they are fairly cracking with positive energy. Hear Karen, "No doubt about it, Kevin's leaving baseball has been a blessing. We were having problems in our marriage, it's true, and now we're closer than we've ever been. Kevin's definitely a different person. He's calmer and I like him a lot better that way. I'm proud of him, I really am—not only for his career, but for standing up for his own life. In baseball you don't have your own life, they literally own you."

"You know, I always told Kevin, 'When there's no more baseball, that's when you're going to need me the most.' Well, it's happened sooner than I ever expected and I couldn't feel better about it as now. We don't want sympathy. We're still young. We've got a lot to look forward to. This isn't the end of anything; it's a new beginning."

And Kevin, "Everybody wants to know what happened, but I guess it will always be a mystery. I do know I made the right decision and there are certainly no regrets. This is not a sad story. I got a look at both sides of the game. I was on the top and I was on the bottom. I feel as if I've gotten out while I was on top. It was me who made the decision, it wasn't



Hard times have forced Saucier to trade his new Regal for a 1968 Mercedes.

When the team broke training camp the day after his worst mound disaster ever, Saucier traveled north with it to Richmond, where he met Karen. Ever hopeful, she had driven a U-Haul trailer from Pensacola to Richmond and rented an apartment. "All along," she says, "I wanted Kevin to keep playing. I'd say, 'C'mon, you can do it.' But when I got to Richmond and saw how mentally exhausted and torn up he was, I realized how selfish I'd been. He looked like a basket case. So I told him, 'Kevin, go ahead and do what you want to do and not what others want you to do. I'd much rather have you happy than see you drive yourself crazy trying to throw a little white ball.'"

That same day Saucier tried to put

still can't pitch—not even batting practice at my own baseball camp."

The next evening Saucier reported to the Richmond clubhouse for a scheduled workout, but left his equipment in the car. He walked out onto the deserted field. Standing on the mound for several long solitary moments, he scanned the stands, and then told himself, "This is it, the end. There will be no more baseball for Kevin Saucier." He walked off the mound and never looked back.

"I loved baseball; it was my whole life," says Saucier. "But in the end I feared for my own sanity. If I stayed in, I would have driven myself crazy."

Two hours after he arrived home in Pensacola, Saucier donned the uniform of Franco's Lounge and drove himself to

somebody else telling me I couldn't do the job anymore. I'll admit it hurt when I quit. I even cried a couple of times about it. But now it's time for me to go on and do something else."

Stephane, age four, has just the thing. When Karen first told her that "Daddy can't play baseball anymore," she said, "Now Daddy can play football."

Actually, Hot Sauce will be cooking as never before. This November he and partner David Del Gallo, a local contractor, plan to open a new pizza restaurant called Saucier's Dugout. "I love pizza," says Saucier. "I used to work in a pizza joint, and I know all the secrets about making a good pie. Like knowing the precise moment to take it out of the oven. I'm an expert at that."

The Dugout will also offer beer, wine and sandwiches. The barstools will be made out of bases, with bats for legs. There will be a game room and trophy cases, featuring such items as Saucier's Tiger uniform. The autographed balls, batting helmets and photos of Kevin's former teammates have been rolling in, including an 8 x 10 glossy of Lance Parrish, his Detroit batterymate, with the message: "Keep the dough soft and chewy."

"Free and breezy" is how Saucier is playing it these days. "I feel like a tremendous burden has been lifted from my shoulders," he says. "Baseball? Naw, it's not for me anymore. To tell you the truth, I have no intention of ever trying to come back." Still, there are times.

Not too long ago, while Kevin was watching Philadelphia play Atlanta on TV, Karen noticed a faraway look in his eyes. "Kevin," she said softly, "are you all right?" "Sure," he said, recovering. "Why do you ask?"

Because everyone wants to know if there's any hurt left, any longings. "No," Saucier says. "When I think about baseball now, I remember all the good times. And there were a lot of them. Like, hey, I've still got my World Series ring, right? They can't take that away from me."

Or the fun of playing for Franco's Lounge. Recently, when an opposing runner tried to score from second on a single to left center, Saucier says, "I cut that sucker down at the plate with a perfect throw."

It was, in fact, the first good strike Kevin Saucier had thrown in a long, long time.

END



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## Pine-tarred and feathered

*After grousing and litigating, the Yankees lost the resumed Endless Game*

by Steve Wulf

**G**eorge Brett's dramatic two-run homer off Rich Gossage with two outs in the ninth inning lifted the Kansas City Royals to a 5-4 victory over the New York Yankees last Thursday at Yankee Stadium. Mike Armstrong (6-6) picked up the win with ninth-inning relief help from Don Quisenberry. Time of the game: three weeks, four days, four hours and 14 minutes. If it were only that simple.

But this was it: The Game That Refused To Die. Between Brett's homer into the rightfield seats on July 24 and Quisenberry's retiring of Oscar Gamble at 6:20 p.m. Thursday, Aug. 18, came sound and fury, law vs. justice and far too many pine tar jokes.

To summarize briefly: Brett's homer was disallowed by the umpires because the pine tar on his bat extended more

than 18 inches, and the Yankees won the game 4-3. American League President Lee MacPhail wisely overruled the umpires and said that Brett's homer stood and that the game was to be resumed; the Yankees predictably squawked; Brett, Manager Dick Howser, Coach Rocky Colavito and Pitcher Gaylord Perry were thrown out of the game 12 days after it was suspended; the Yankees squawked some more; George Steinbrenner said that MacPhail had better move to Kansas City for his own safety; the Yankees blamed their losing ways (nine wins and 13 losses since MacPhail's decision) on the damn game, and the damn game was scheduled to resume last Thursday, an off day for both teams.

If the Yankees had any sense, they would have given up the ghost weeks ago and scheduled a gala promotion for, say,

joined forces with the fans and sought to postpone Thursday's game. In the meantime, the Yankee players kept putting off a vote on whether to play the game or go to Gossage's house for a combination forfeit and pool party.

This left the Royals quite literally in the air. Their TWA Charter No. 8732 left Kansas City Thursday at 11:00 a.m. Central Time, bound for either New York or Baltimore, where they were to play the next day. That morning Justice Orest V. Maresca of the State Supreme Court in the Bronx granted an injunction preventing the game. One of the Yankees' arguments was that their security force, which would be at one-quarter strength, would be ill-equipped to handle the throngs. The American League, which had to borrow National League lawyers, went to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, and at 3:35 Justice Joseph P. Sullivan said, "As far as the stay, I guess I can state it best in two words: 'Play ball.'"

In the meantime, the pika of the Royals' charter had decided—somewhere over Ashtabula, Ohio—to head for Newark Airport. The plane landed at 2:44 and the Royals waited for word of a decision. "I had to go to the bathroom," said Quisenberry. At about 3:30, the Royals, including their new part-owner, Avron Fogelman, boarded a bus to the Stadium, even though they didn't know the status of the game. Said General Manager John Schuerholz, "The ride was hot and slow, and I kidded Howser that maybe the bus was being sabotaged. Standing by the road with our thumbs out would have been the right way to get to this game."

Brett, who couldn't play, drove off in a TWA van with Larry Amecche, the airline rep in charge of the Royals' charters and, yes, Don Amecche's son. They went to the Spanish Tavern in Newark.

The Royals didn't receive the news of Justice Sullivan's order until they walked into the visitors' clubhouse at 4:15. Fogelman, who now owns 49% of the club, was asked what he thought of George Steinbrenner, and he promptly said, "I love George Steinbrenner. George

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R	H	E
ROYALS	0	1	0	1	0	0	2				5	13	0
YANKEES	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0			4	8	0

Martin argued with umpires Dave Phillips (left) and George Maloney that Brett had missed the bases, but it was to no avail.

The Shortest Game. Fans could have been given little bats with pine tar on them; Brett and Gossage could have played Wiffle Ball before the game; minor league teams could have been flown in to play a real game, any of a dozen bright ideas could have made the day fun and pleasant. But no. Said Yankee General Manager Murray Cook, "We chose not to grace a bad decision."

Instead, they disgraced themselves. Last week two attorneys representing fans went to court to try and have their tickets honored at the Pine Tar Game—the Yankees had said that only season-ticket holders could get in free. The Yankees and their attorney, Roy Cohn,





Steinhrenner is George Steinhrenner."

While the press was devoting its attention to Quisenberry, the "starting" pitcher, a little espionage was going on under their noses. The Pine Tar Bat, wrapped in sanitary hose and placed in a garbage bag, was being slipped by Pitcher Bud Black to Barry Hulper, a limited partner of the Yankees and a renowned collector—he already had the ball Brett hit. Brett had just decided that he wanted no more to do with the bat, so he might as well give it a good home.

At about 5:15 Schuerholz scanned the seats for potential thugs. "These people don't look very vicious to me—wait, there's one," he said, pointing to a cherubic child of eight.

Jack Gunnells and his wife, Dot, who is the women's golf coach at North Carolina, drove 3½ hours from Atlantic City, where they were vacationing, to see the mini-game. "The last time we were here was in 1956 when we saw Don Larsen pitch in the World Series," he said. "So we've gone from a perfect game to a very imperfect game."

The crowd was announced as 1,245, which was probably closer to the size of the media contingent than to the actual number of fans. The game was telecast in both Kansas City and New York. "What's it going to be?" asked Yankee Shortstop Roy Smalley. "An ABC News Brief?" He, this is Bettina Gregory.

The last hurdle was surmounted when some threatening clouds (Steinhrenner's hole card) passed over the Stadium. At 6:04, with Pitcher Ron Gaudry in center field and lefthanded Outfielder Don Mattingly at second base—in apparent protest, although Coach Don Zimmer claimed the Yankees really were short-handed—the Yankees took the field.

As the game resumed, George Frazier, the Yankee pitcher, threw to first base on an appeal play; the Yankees were claiming that Brett had failed to touch first on his home-run trot 25 days earlier. Umpire Tim Welke signaled safe. Frazier threw to second on another appeal, and Umpire Dave Phillips signaled safe, at which point Yankee Manager Billy Martin strode out of the dugout to argue. How could Phillips know if Brett had touched first and second if he was working in Seattle on that long-ago day?

Phillips then produced a notarized letter from the original umpiring crew saying that both Brett and U.L. Washington, who was on base at the time of the

home, had touched all the sacks. It was a stroke of genius on the part of the American League. "Whoever thought of that should be the next commissioner," said Quisenberry.

Actually, MacPhail and his assistant, Bob Fishel, thought it up after having lunch with some Yankee officials a few weeks ago. Fishel had suggested that the Yankees promote the suspended game in a big way—little pine tar bats and such—but the Yankees reacted in such negative fashion that Fishel and MacPhail realized that the Yankees had not yet begun to fight. So they anticipated the appeal and subsequently requested that Umpire Joe Brinkman's crew notarize a letter.

Martin didn't let the letter stop him, though. He announced he was playing the game under protest, and when the protest was announced at the Stadium, the fans cheered. A few fans in a big stadium can still make a lot of noise.

The game proceeded apace, starting at 6:08. Frazier struck out Hal McRae, who had been in the on-deck circle for 25 days. Quisenberry came on. One of the Yankee complaints was that it wouldn't be fair for him to pitch since he had gone 5½ innings two days before the original game, but when Brett hit his homer that day, Quisenberry was up and throwing in the bullpen.

The first Yankee batter was Mattingly, who had a major league-leading, 25-game hitting streak on the line—nine games before the suspended one and 15 more after. But he flew out to center. Smalley flew out to deep left. Gamble, batting for a disappointed Gaudry, grounded out to second, and the game was over. It had taken all of 12 minutes.

Quisenberry said he was surprised he didn't give up his usual hits. Coach Joe Torre, managing in Howser's absence, allowed as how he'd like to manage every game if it was one inning with a one-run lead and if he had Quisenberry on the mound.

A team has 24 hours after a game to file a written protest. Shortly before 6 p.m. on Friday, the Yankees teleaxed the league office to officially protest the Pine Tar Game. They contend that the original first-base umpire, Drew Coble, had no business signing the letter because he was watching the flight of the ball and was in no position to see if Brett had touched first base.

You didn't really think the game was over, did you?

## THE WEEK

(Through August 21)

by HERM WEISKOPF

After the Braves removed mascot Chief Noc-a-homa's tepee from the leftfield bleachers on Aug. 12 and installed 250 seats in its place, Atlanta lost five of the next nine games and saw its NL West lead over Los Angeles shrink from 6½ to 3½ games. Last July owner Ted Turner ordered a similar move—down with the tepee, up with more seats—and Atlanta dropped 15 of 17 games, falling from first in the process. Turner hastily ordered the tepee restored, and the Braves recovered in time to win the division title.

To Braves fans, it's wrong to knock Noc. They believe his presence is a charm, his absence a jinx. Since Noc-a-homa has been roaming the stands instead of signing autographs in his tent, the Braves have also suffered off the field. Among other things, Bruce Benedict missed two games because of a sore neck, and Turner's mother broke her hip. The crowning blow came on Aug. 15 when slugger Bob Horner broke his right wrist and was lost for the season. Never mind that in past years—invariably while the tepee was up—Horner missed 93 games because of other injuries and illness. And never mind that Horner was

## OOPS!

The Dodgers had Derrel Thomas on second and Greg Brock on third with one out in the second inning of a scoreless game with the Mets when Pitcher Bob Welch grounded to short. Bob Bador threw to Catcher Ron Hodges, and Brock, who had started home, headed back to third. Hodges ran Brock back to the bag, which also was occupied by Thomas. Incredibly, Hodges tagged Brock while Thomas sped back to second. "I knew the rule. Third was Brock's," said Thomas. Meanwhile, Welch, who had run all the way to second, saw Thomas waving his back and shifted gears. Met Second Baseman Brian Giles yelled for the ball and Rightfielder Darryl Strawberry covered first, but Hodges held on to it. "I knew it in my mind that no one was covering home," he said. Actually, two of his teammates—Pitcher Walt Terrell and First Baseman Keith Hernandez—had thought ahead and were at the plate. The next batter, Steve Sax, singled home two runs, and the Dodgers went on to win 4-1.

continued

hurt because he kept his hand down, rather than up, when he slid into second. Oh, yes. Horner's substitute, Jerry Royster, sprained his ankle after three games and was put on the 21-day disabled list.

What's wrong with Goose Gossage? The Yankee reliever has saved only 13 of a possible 24 games this season, a sharp decline from the 76 of 84 he racked up in his peak period between Aug. 14, 1979 and May 23, 1982. Forget about Gossage's ERA and strikeouts, which have remained consistent with his career relief totals. The key is hits allowed: Gossage has yielded 8.4 hits per nine innings, a 36% increase over his career relief average of 6.2.

Despite his own season-long complaint that "You can't make trades for big-name players anymore because of the complicated clauses in their contracts," Dodger Vice-President Al Campanis obtained Texas Pitcher Rick Honeycutt (14-8 and a league-leading 2.42 ERA) for Reliever Dave Stewart (5-2, nine saves and a 2.96 ERA) and a minor-leaguer, Honeycutt, 5-17 in 1982, was in his option year and wanted \$800,000 for each of the next five seasons. That was more than the Rangers could afford, so they peddled him rather than lose him to imminent free agency. Before completing the transaction, Campanis worked out a five-year contract re-



#### BALDLY SPEAKING

Answering a dare, San Francisco rookie infielder Brad Wellman allowed his teammates to shave his scalp clean. His reward: \$1,000, which was anted up by 10 Games players and trainer Gary Iaconi. Clearly, Wellman let the money go to his head. And why not? After all, Wellman, 24, is making the major league minimum salary of \$37,500, and he has a wife and six-month-old son to support.

## BALL PARK FIGURES

The following pitchers are the leaders in strikeouts per nine innings this season—starters who have pitched at least 130 innings and relievers with a minimum of 40 innings.

#### STARTING PITCHERS

1. Steve Carlton, Phillies	8.40
2. Mario Soto, Reds	8.01
3. Nolan Ryan, Astros	7.94
4. Floyd Bannister, White Sox	7.57
5. Bert Blyleven, Indians	7.42
6. Bruce Berenyi, Reds	7.27
7. Jack Morris, Tigers	7.27
8. Larry McWilliams, Pirates	7.27
9. John Candelaria, Pirates	7.17
10. Dave Righetti, Yankees	6.76

#### RELIEF PITCHERS

1. Al Holland, Phillies	10.71
2. Goose Gossage, Yankees	9.32
3. Bill Caruth, Mariners	8.90
4. Ron Davis, Twins	8.87
5. Frank DiPino, Astros	8.55
6. Frank LaCorte, Astros	8.55
7. Steve Bedrosian, Braves	8.51
8. Rod Scurry, Pirates	8.39
9. Tim Lincecum, Orioles	8.12
10. Roy Thomas, Mariners	8.00

portedly worth \$3.8 million with George Kafitzis, Honeycutt's agent.

Like the Rangers, the Indians traded a player before his impending free agency. Cleveland bundled Second Baseman Manny Trillo off to Montreal for Outfielder Don Carter, 23, who was hitting .302 in Double-A, and a reported \$150,000. The Indians, whose home attendance of 663,488 is the majors' second worst and the lowest since 1973, simply couldn't meet Trillo's demand for a five-year \$4.5 million contract and a \$450,000 signing bonus.

Expos President John McHale explained that he acquired Trillo for the stretch drive and that signing him to a new contract "was not part of our thinking. What I've read about it [Trillo's price tag] is a little more than you'd like to think about. A lot depends on how he does during the rest of this season."

Regardless, acquiring talented but potentially expensive players for stretch drives is becoming rampant, leading baseball executives to three conclusions: 1) Some teams will risk their future by trading good young players for a quick-fix star who may be gone at season's end, 2) the waiver rules supposedly limiting late-season acquisitions are a joke and 3) the way for poorer teams to avoid get-

ting virtually nothing for departing free agents is to go along with the New Deals.

The Cardinals' Neil Allen, 6-5 as a starter since being acquired from the Mets on June 15, was sent to the bullpen. During his 4½ seasons with New York, Allen worked almost exclusively out of the bullpen and earned 69 saves. . . . St. Louis is also made a reliever of Joaquin Andujar, who was 4-13 as a starter. . . . Jody Davis' 21 home runs are the most by a Cub catcher since Gabby Hartnett had 22 in 1934. . . . Steve Braun of St. Louis has a .468 on-base average as a pinch hitter, with 12 hits and 10 walks in 41 trips to the plate. . . .

San Diego Reliever Elias Sosa forgot that Mario Ramirez had just pinch-hit for him and went to the mound for the 10th inning against Philadelphia. Teammate Kurt Bevacqua and Pitching Coach Norm Sherry finally persuaded Sosa to leave the mound so that Gary Lucas could pitch. Lucas then surrendered a game-winning homer to Bo Diaz, who mistook a "take" sign for hit-and-run. . . . Phillie Outfielder Von Hayes didn't have Diaz' luck: he thought there was only one out, not two, then took off from first on a fly ball and was easily doubled up by the Cubs.

Toronto Catcher Ernie Whitt made his first error of the season after 429 chances. Three other American League catchers have also been superb on defense: Baltimore's Rick Dempsey (one error in 511 chances); Cleveland's Ron Hassey (two in 438); and Detroit's Lance Parrish (three in 578). . . . The Blue Jay catchers, Whitt and Buck Martinez, went 17 games without an RBI. . . . Shortstop Rick Burleson of California, who has batted .296 since June 30 after being out of action for

#### PLAYER OF THE WEEK

**MOOSE HAAS:** The 27-year-old Brewer right-hander (12-2) beat the Red Sox 2-0 and the A's 7-1, giving him eight straight wins and 28 consecutive scoreless innings, both Milwaukee team records.

14 months with a torn right rotator cuff, returned to the disabled list with an inflamed right shoulder. The Dodgers are 8-4 against Atlanta and 9-0 against Philadelphia, but only 52-48 against teams not leading their divisions.

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Official Outfitter



Don't let Sigel's look fool you. He finished second in last week's Canadian Amateur.

by Sarah Pileggi

**I**t was a warm, slightly muggy June day in Winston-Salem, N.C. The spring semester at Wake Forest was over and the summer session had not yet begun. Jay Sigel (rhymes with wiggle), the best player on the Wake Forest golf team, was on his way out of the Kappa Alpha Fraternity house to play nine holes with Jesse Haddock, the golf coach.

As Sigel approached the swinging glass-paneled door separating the second-floor stairwell landing from the interior corridor, a fraternity brother, going through the door ahead of him, slammed it shut. Sigel reached out to stop it; suddenly his left hand was through the glass and blood from a severed artery was hitting the ceiling.

That was 19 years ago. Until that day Sigel had been headed for the pro tour. He had reached the finals of the USGA junior championship; he had received the first Arnold Palmer scholarship at Wake Forest; he had made All-America twice. His prospects were bright and his

confidence high. Then, for the first time in his young life, Sigel found himself unable to play golf.

After 10 days Sigel emerged from the hospital with his hand pieced together—tendons tied, nerves spliced, skin grafted, with 72 stitches and a cast holding all the parts in place. When he next played golf, a year later, he had only 50% of the feeling in the hand, and the cushion of muscle that ordinarily absorbs the shock of the club head striking the ground was gone.

By all odds, Sigel should be a disappointed man. Instead, at 39, he is on top of the world, the world in which golfers play for fun, not to pay the bills. He is a solid citizen of Philadelphia's Main Line, a successful businessman, family man and, for the past year, the reigning U.S. Amateur champion. On a sideboard in the dining room of his comfortable suburban home in Berwyn, Pa., was an ornate silver loving cup that declared Sigel the best part-time golfer in America, the champion of all club champions. At one time or another the trophy has decorated the homes of Bobby Jones, Arnold Palm-

## Not the usual sort of champion

*An amateur to the core, Jay Sigel is taking aim at another U.S. title*

er and Jack Nicklaus. Sigel won it last Labor Day weekend at The Country Club in Brookline, Mass., over a field whose median age was 22, and he will try to win it back next week at North Shore Country Club in Glenview, Ill. Sigel is the oldest Amateur champion since Bill Campbell, who was 41 when he won in 1964, and one of only three non-collegians to win since then, the others being Canada's Gary Cowan in 1966 and 1971 and Vinnie Giles in 1972.

The typical Amateur champion of the last two decades is a Jay Sigel, circa 1962. He is a golf-team hotshot who attends a Sunbelt college and plays the game the year around. His education is subsidized by his golf, and his golf by a full-ride athletic scholarship. His major is business, the better to handle the wads of money he expects to win on the pro tour. In other words, since colleges replaced caddy yards as the spawning grounds of touring professionals, the Amateur champion has tended to be amateur in name only. For the last 20 years true amateurs, like Campbell and Sigel, have been the exceptions. Pro-in-training, such as Jerry Pate, Lanny Wadkins, Craig Stadler, John Cook and Hal Sutton, have been the rule.

Sigel's home course is Aronimink, seven minutes from his home and five minutes from his insurance-agency office in Wayne. Aronimink's stone clubhouse is turn-of-the-century English Tudor, and the towering oaks and pines that line its winding drive have a grandeur that only time can buy. Its membership is comfortable and conservative too—but when Sigel won the Amateur, Aronimink was as proud as a small-town Lions Club chapter. The members even hung a big white banner between two trees that read CON-

GRATULATIONS JAY SIGEL, U.S. AMATEUR CHAMPION 1982

Sigel plays at Aronimink about twice a week. His companions are an informal group of 10 or 12 low-to-middle-handicap members whom Sigel calls The Usuals. For some of The Usuals, Sigel has his own handicapping system. Whenever he beats one of them he adjusts the loser's handicap up a stroke. Two years ago Bill Burns, 47, started at six and went all the way to 13 before he broke out of his slump. "It's a fair way of handicapping," says Sigel, "and at least it keeps your friends coming back."

The Usuals spend almost as much time needing as they do playing golf. They kid Sigel about his weight, which, at 200 pounds, borders on being a problem; his size-13 feet ("His father told him to take care of those feet," says a Usual. "They'd carry him farther than his head would"); his tightfistedness ("He shakes, he sweats, he stammers, he blacks out"); and his business ("If you lose, you get to buy an insurance policy. If Burns goes down, it's all over for Jay's company"). But The Usuals are also very competitive. "The Usual game is critical to keeping my game in shape," says Sigel.

Insurance supports his amateur status, buying him the luxury of playing golf when he wants to and the even greater luxury of not playing when he doesn't. He chose insurance when he looked out the window one day and noticed that the only people playing were salesmen. "It wasn't the doctors. They play Wednesday afternoon, if they're lucky. It wasn't the attorneys or the stockbrokers. It was

the salesmen. My direction was clear."

But first Sigel had to get through college, and that wasn't easy. He had a wonderful time at Wake Forest but he was a lousy student. "I was in college so long," he says, grinning in his modest, good-salesman's way. It was Betty Wingo, Sigel's wife-to-be, who was primarily responsible for his graduating. "She thought it was very important, much more so than I did," he says. After their graduation in 1967, Betty taught school and Jay joined the John Hancock Insurance Company in Westchester, Pa.

"I certainly didn't set the world on fire," he says. "I didn't understand the game. I thought people would buy insurance from me because I was a good golfer. I found out that doesn't happen. It was a rude awakening. Also, I'm not a born salesman. I had to learn."

Today Sigel is a very good insurance salesman. He writes \$15 million worth of business each year, but he has never collared a prospect on the golf course. "I never have and I never will," he says. "I figure I'll be around a long time. In the short run I may lose some business, but in the long term it will return in various ways."

Understatement is Sigel's style in golf as well as business. His dress, his manner, even his words are unobtrusive. His sentences frequently begin with preambles such as "I have been fortunate enough . . ." and "I have had the privilege to . . ." and "If I may be so presumptuous . . ." as if he were apologizing in advance for talking about himself at all. Similarly, his golf swing is slow he says and his de-

meanor as he walks between shots or waits his turn on tees and greens is totally unrevealing. It is impossible to tell whether things are going well or badly for Sigel by watching his face. Forced to choose, one would probably guess badly, and be wrong much of the time. "I like to get myself into a position, on the last day or the last nine holes, where I can say to myself, 'O.K., it's up to you now, bring it home, win it.' I thoroughly enjoy that challenge. That is what golf is all about."

Since 1975 Sigel has been ranked among the country's top 10 amateurs every year. He has won most of the major amateur titles at least once, including the British in 1979. In May he was named playing captain of the U.S. Walker Cup squad, which beat the British 13½-10½ at Hoylake, England. He was the first playing captain chosen since Charlie Coe in 1959.

But the '82 U.S. Amateur was Sigel's finest victory. Most observers at Brookline felt he was too old to win. Even Sigel may have thought so. But much play works strange magic sometimes. "If you're tired and you're not playing very well, you can freewheel it a little bit," he says. "You can take more chances than you would normally, because you have two ways to win—your good shots and your opponent's misfortunes."

Sigel's good shots kept coming at the right times. He sank a 40-foot putt on the 17th hole of his semifinal victory over 19-year-old Rick Fehr. He was so nervous going into the 36-hole final match against 22-year-old David Tolley that he slunked his second shot, but he settled down after a birdie on the 10th and played like a genius for the rest of the day, closing out Tolley 8 and 7.

At North Shore the competition will come from fuzzy-cheeked 22-year-olds like Willie Wood, an Oklahoma State graduate who is headed for the PGA Tour, as Sigel once was. But Sigel has no complaints. "I want to continue playing," he says, "but I'm also looking forward to not playing. I'm going to put my clubs down this fall and take my kids to a football game. Maybe I'm just lazy, but I won't hit a practice ball from mid-October until mid-March. But watch me in March. I'll be ready." **END**

Sigel's victory in the '82 U.S. Amateur uplifted spirits at old Aronimink, where the members celebrated in a highly un-Usual way.



by Demmie Stathopoulos

**W**illie had a bunch of records, and then somebody wrote a book about him, and he went on the road (21 cities, 12,000 miles) to promote it. He signed a lot of autographs along the way and collected the keys to several cities. Publishers talked paperback contracts. Producers talked movie deals.

We're talking Willie Nelson here, right? Wrong. We're talking Rambling Willie, a 13-year-old standardbred gelding—in other words, no stock options—who, on Aug. 8 at Sportsman's Park in Chicago, became the richest harness horse in North American history, breaking Niatross' earnings record of \$2,619,213 by \$5. True, Niatross earned his money in only two years (1979-80),



At the Meadowlands in his 301st race, Willie rambled past Alpha Lobell to win by a neck.

## Nest egg for a golden oldie

*With a record \$2 million in earnings, Rambling Willie, 13, can retire in style*

but he raced for much bigger purses than Willie has ever seen.

In April, when Willie was still more than \$6,000 short of the record, the Meadowlands tried to lure him from Illinois to New Jersey with promises of megabucks, but his trainer and driver, Bob Farrington, said, "I raced him here most of the time, so it's only right that he breaks the record here." A man of his word, Farrington brought Willie to Sportsman's Park in mid-July—after a three-month layoff because of a bruised foot—and aimed the pacer at the money record. One qualifier and four races later, Willie hit it.

Trouble was, the folks at Sportsman's Park had figured that Willie would break the record on Aug. 1. The track geared up for harness history by promising everyone in the audience a spot in or around the winner's circle and a copy of the winner's circle photo. Look, Ma, that's me in the 40th row. More than 10,000 fans showed up, but, unfortunately, Willie didn't cooperate, finishing fourth. The fans were furious. They booed the winner, Mighty Speed, and his driver, Stier-

ling Bach. "It was my third victory of the day," Bach said, "and you'd think I'd just lost with the favorite. Things got so bad out there that I thought I was gonna get shot. Those fans were really mad. I swear that if I had heard a loud bang, I would have hit the ground, pronto."

A week later, in the fourth race at Sportsman's Park, Willie finally came through. He finished second, by inches, but his purse of \$2,050 was just enough to break the money record and earn a winner's circle photo. About 2,000 cheering fans, some carrying placards that read **LIVE AGAIN AT 13**, rushed onto the track, screaming "I want to touch the horse!" The miracle is that no one was hurt, not even by Willie, who doesn't like to be crowded. But he's game. He endured the half-hour picture-taking session with the same stoicism he has displayed while racing year after year after year.

It's a wonder he's not named Rambling Wreck. His sire, Rambling Fury, was a nobody. His dam, Meadow Belle, was a foul-tempered cripple. He never has been much to look at, and when Far-

rington, then a six-time national driving champion, forked over \$15,000 in cash for him as a 3-year-old, he figured he'd paid \$5,000 too much. After all, Willie had earned only \$349 as a 2-year-old. Still, Farrington saw something there. Not much, but something "I needed a horse," he says.

Farrington promptly gave his wife, Vivian, half ownership in Willie as a birthday present. The other half was bought by Paul Seibert of Cincinnati, an old friend and long-time racetracker. By the end of Willie's 3-year-old season, he had picked up \$9,524. It was only the beginning. His earnings went up and up, and the records came down. At six he won two legs of the Summer Free For All Series at Yonkers Raceway in New York (setting a world record of 2:29½ for 1½ miles in one of the legs), and he was overall winner of the U.S. Pacing Championships. At seven he won the \$186,000 Driscoll Series Final at the Meadowlands, the General Mad Anthony (setting his fastest lifetime mark of 1:54½ for the mile) at Brindyswain and was named Aged Pacer of the Year for the third consecutive time. He also won the most money he would earn in one year, \$397,921. At eight he began to show his age and his earnings dipped to \$294,450. In 1979, however, he won \$243,420 to become the richest North American harness horse of

all time, with \$1,367,637. But Nitross later made that figure obsolete.

In the spring of Willie's 11th year, his book came out. It's called *Rambling Willie, The Horse God Loved*, by Donald Evans and Philip Pickney. The God part comes from Vivian Farrington, whose father, 92-year-old Rev. C.L. Harris of Rushsylvania, Ohio, brought his children up to believe. And to tithe. For years, 10% of Vivian's share of Willie's earnings went to the Church of Christ in West Mansfield, Ohio, where her father preached. Willie's winnings paid for a new foundation for the church and paved the parking lot.

"Tithing works," says Vivian. "It really works. One time a driver came up to me at the track and asked me what I did for Willie to make him so good. I said, 'Tithing,' and he said, 'Is that all?'"

It certainly seems to have worked for the Farringtons. One day in October 1979, Vivian had a premonition. "When Bob left the house that morning," she says, "something kept telling me to warn him, to be careful. But I didn't tell him. Bob doesn't believe in that stuff." That afternoon Farrington broke his back in a training accident, and the doctors feared he'd never walk again. Three weeks later, he walked out of the hospital. "I attribute everything to tithing," says Vivian.

Willie's had his share of injuries, too, bowing three times in his left foreleg and once in his right, but he always came back. Farrington says, "People ask me, 'When are you going to retire that horse?' I tell them he's doing what he wants to do. If you were stuck out on a farm, wouldn't you like to jump in a truck and go to town once a week?"

Willie is definitely the traveling type. He visited 21 cities and 20 racetracks on his book tour, accompanied by Joe Campbell, his lanky, amiable groom. The tour started in March 1981 and lasted until early September. Willie made appearances at Macy's in New York, various shopping malls and the National Book-seller Convention in Atlanta; he was even a guest on TV talk shows, although he did little talking.

As for the autographs Willie provided, Campbell says, "I'd lift his foot, put it on the ink pad and then onto the book. But Willie would autograph just so many

books. We'd do maybe a dozen, then he'd get tired. When Willie gets aggravated, he can be really mean." Willie wasn't the only one who got aggravated. When the horse stubbornly refused to lift his hoof one more time in Saratoga, a few of his fans got hostile. Says Campbell, "They felt because they went to the expense of buying the book that Willie should autograph it." Campbell finally solved the problem by taking one of Willie's shoes and hand-stamping the books himself.

At Hollywood Park on Oct. 21, 1981, disaster struck. Campbell had just finished jogging Willie when he noticed that he didn't seem right. Soon it was obvious that he was in great pain. The veterinarian diagnosed a twisted intestine and Willie immediately had surgery. "Only 50 percent of horses with a twisted gut survive," says Campbell. Rambling Willie was one of the lucky 50% and he not only survived, he thrived. On Dec. 26, 1982 the seemingly indestructible Willie became the modern era's winningest racehorse when he scored his 120th victory at Maywood Park, Ill.

The feats go on. Last Wednesday night Willie stood in his stall at the Meadows while Campbell got him ready for the sixth race. The Rambling Willie Tribute Invitational, a mile pace with a purse of \$20,000. Willie his gray around his muzzle, his legs look as if somebody had dropped a few doorknobs down them,

and he has a chronic sinus condition. Campbell applied Tranex to the horse's nose for the sinus problem, rubbed Grandpa's Salve, a concoction created by Vivian Farrington's father, on his aged legs, hitched up the sulky—and Willie was ready for his 301st race.

Naturally, he won, finishing a neck in front of 9-year-old Alpha Lobell in 1:58 for his 78th two-minute mile—another record—and his 127th career victory. In the winner's circle, Willie was given a cake decorated with a horse and sulky and a driver in the Farrington colors. He licked it tentatively.

Harness-racing rules allow a horse to race through his 14th year, but Vivian said after Willie's win in the Willie, "We're getting ready to retire him. It's getting hard to find a race for him, and we won't put him in claiming races. We don't want to cheapen him." When Rambling Willie does hang up his harness, he'll be shipped to the Kentucky Horse Park in Lexington, which is a kind of living museum for great geldings of all breeds. Forego is there.

But the movie. What about the movie, Vivian? "When the producer came to the racetrack to talk to us about it," she says, "I said my prayers. I thought, if God wants me to make this movie, I'll dream about a horse when I go to bed tonight." That night Vivian dreamed about a field full of horses.

END



Vivian Farrington dreamed, while Bob drove and Campbell (center) forged autographs.

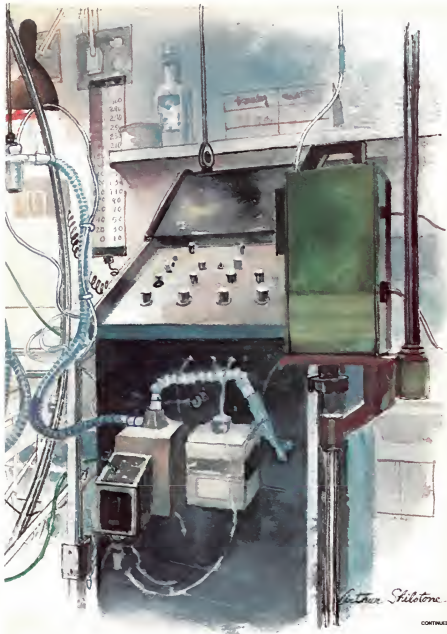


# Where Am I? It Has To Be A Bad Dream

*Five years ago New England's superb wide receiver, Darryl Stingley, went up for a pass in an exhibition game and was cut down by Oakland's Jack Tatum. As a result, Stingley became a quadriplegic. Here is his story of the ordeal that followed*

*by* **Darryl Stingley** *with* **Mark Mulvoy**





## Darryl Stingley

continued

*Darryl Stingley last evening suffered a fractured dislocation injury of his cervical spine. Neurosurgeon Dr. Ahmed Pooni was assisted by Dr. Donald Fink, the Oakland Raiders' team physician, in an operation that lasted approximately one hour. Stingley had cervical-traction tongs placed with the correction of the dislocation. This morning he has gained some right-arm motion and had some sensation in his entire body. There is NO PROGNOSIS at this time. No photos. No interviews. No visitors.*

—MEDICAL BULLETIN

9:00 A.M., P.D.T., SUN., AUG. 13, 1978  
EDEN HOSPITAL, CASTRO VALLEY, CALIF.

Good morning, Mr. Stingley," the voice said.

Good morning? What did she mean, good morning? It was Saturday night in Oakland, and we, the New England Patriots, were playing an exhibition game against the Raiders and about to go in for a touchdown. Good morning? It was night, not morning.

Wait a minute. Where am I? Why am I flat on my back, in bed, staring at a white acoustical ceiling? Why is this lady in a white coat saying, "Good morning, Mr. Stingley?"

It had to be a bad dream.

I tried to move my head, to check out my surroundings. My head wouldn't move. Not an inch. I tried to lift up my right arm. Nothing happened. I tried to move my left arm. Nothing happened. The same thing with my feet; as hard as I tried, I couldn't move them at all. I started to cry and couldn't even wipe the tears that were forming in puddles on my face.

Where am I? What's happening to me? Who's here with me?

"Ma! Ma! Ma! . . ." I said over and over at the top of my voice, calling for my mother. But the words never came out. "Tina! Tina! Tina! . . ." I shouted, calling for the mother of my two little boys. But the words never came out.

Then the lady in the white coat was

standing over my bed, looking down at me. "Don't try to talk," she said. "You can't talk anyway because your mouth is full of plastic tubes that suck out the phlegm and keep you from choking to death. Those tubes up your nose are part of the respirator that's helping you breathe." With that, she left the room.

I shut my eyes and started to cry again. It all began to come back. We were driving for a touchdown against the Raiders, and it was third down and eight at their 24-yard line. In the huddle, Steve Grogan, our quarterback, called the play "94-Slant." My assignment as the primary receiver was to run an eight-yard slant-in pattern, that is, I was to line up strong-side right—the strong side always being the side of the quarterback on which the tight end sets up—and then go downfield for eight yards and cut into the middle at about a 45-degree angle. At that point I would be between the line-backers and the corner-back—an open target for a second or two.

Grogan had plenty of options if I was covered. He could throw to the weak-side wide receiver, Stanley Morgan, who would be slanting in at a wider and deeper angle from left to right. He could throw to the tight end, Russ Francis, who would be running a short, diagonal pattern toward the right sideline. He could dump the ball off to one of his running backs, or if everyone was covered, Grogan could run the ball himself, which was something he always liked to do.

We came out of the huddle. Grogan called his signals at the line, the ball was snapped, and the play was on.

I bolted downfield to the 16-yard line, broke toward the middle in front of Raider Cornerback Lester Hayes and then looked for the football. It should have been there waiting for me,

but there was no sign of it. Maybe Grogan had gone to Stanley or to Russ. Or maybe he'd been sacked. Then all of a sudden—a second or a second and a half after I had made my break—there it was, very high, too high for me to catch it. I reacted instinctively and leaped as high into the air as I could, but the ball just flew past my outstretched fingertips.

I was on my way back to earth when, in a flash, I saw No. 32 of the Raiders, Jack Tatum, all 205 pounds of him, barreling toward me. I looked Tatum dead in the eye, and I saw his look. It was vicious. His eyes were on fire. He was cocking his bone, as we call it, his forearm, and he was coming fast. I saw him, saw the bone coming and dropped my head to get it as low as possible so that I could duck the arm. But it was too late. He delivered the blow. He cracked me on the head and on the back of my neck with full force

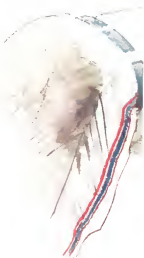


ILLUSTRATION BY BOB DE WITTE

I hit the ground with a thud and, now, someone was standing next to my bed.

"Hi," this guy in a green coat said cheerfully. In his right hand he held what looked like a screwdriver. I thought that maybe he had stopped by to fix the air conditioner or the window.

"I have some adjustments to make on your halo," he said.

Halo? What halo?

"This big steel ring around your head is attached to an 80-pound weight alongside your bed," he said. "The reason for it is to keep your head completely immobile. The halo is attached to your head with screws that have to be tightened twice a day. That's why I'm here. You'll be seeing a lot of me."

And then he took his screwdriver and went to work. "Don't be nervous," he said. "It only takes a couple of seconds to tighten 'em up." I was conscious of the pressure from the screwdriver tightening those screws into my head and of the pain—the incredible pain—not only in my head but also over my entire body. Blood began to ooze out of my scalp and run into my eyes, down across my nose and into my mouth. The more he tightened, the more blood there was. "Ahh, that blood's nothing to worry about," he

said. "It's quite normal. It'll stop in a minute or so, just bear with me." What choice did I have?

Not long after he left, a new nurse came into my room and stood over my bed. "Time for lunch," she said, sounding almost as cheerful as the guy in the green coat with the screwdriver. That was the best news I'd heard since I woke up. All I wanted was a solid piece of bread. Just one piece. "I've got your lunch right here," the nurse said, showing me a small plastic bag filled with what looked like dirty water. Ughhh, I thought. She took the bag and connected it to something alongside my bed, and

continued



*I was No. 32, Tate, barreling toward me; the look in his eye was vicious. I dropped my head so get low, so duck his arm, but it was too late*

## Darryl Stingley

continued

this pale yellowish stuff came down a tube, twisted and turned and then disappeared into my nose.

And I always used to bitch about the lousy food at the training table when I was in school at Purdue.

I dozed off right after my eight-course feast, and when I woke up there was a hulking figure staring down at me. His eyes were red and there were tears running down his cheeks. His hair was disheveled, the way it always was. I couldn't tell if his shirt was hanging out, the way it always was. He held my hand and touched my face, the way a father would.

"Darryl... Darryl... Darryl... it'll be all right," John Madden said to me, his voice so soft, so tender.

Madden, the Raiders' coach, kept shaking his head slowly from one side to the other. He was talking, too, but I wasn't listening very well. Then suddenly he let go of my hand and started waving his arms wildly, as he always did on the sidelines.

"Nurse! Nurse! Nurse!" he yelled.

Madden was mad about something, but he also looked very worried. A nurse came running into my room, and Madden pointed to one of the machines alongside my bed.

"That's stopped," he practically screamed at the nurse. "It was working when I came in here to see Darryl, but then it stopped. Just a minute ago. Fix the goddamned thing."

Sure enough, a plug had come loose on the machine that was hooked up to the tubes in my mouth, and, although I didn't know it, those tubes weren't suctioning the phlegm from my mouth the way they were supposed to. The nurse fixed the machinery and then took this long suction tube, stuck it down my throat and drew all the phlegm that had collected. It hurt like crazy and I started to cry.

Coach Madden tried to comfort me, but he, too, was in tears. Thank God for the coach. If he hadn't been there, and hadn't noticed that the suction tubes weren't working, I might have choked to death. Or at least that's what the nurse told me after Madden left to return to the

Raiders' training camp, which was more than an hour's drive away in Santa Rosa.

That same nurse gave me a sedative, and I dozed off quickly. When I woke up, Tina was at my side, holding my hand, her face pressed against mine. She was crying.

"Oh, Baby... Oh, Baby..." she said over and over. She looked hurt and shocked, and in great pain. I wanted to talk to her, to ask her how our boys—Hank, 9, and Derek, 7—were, but the words couldn't come out. Tina and I had been together since our high school days in the 1960s back in Chicago, and though we had never taken the time to get married, I was her man, and she was my woman.

We just looked at each other while she held my hand and smoothed her other hand across my face. It felt so good, I wanted her to do it forever. But my friend in the green jacket showed up with his screwdriver. So much for the handholding.

When I woke up Monday morning my mother was at my bedside along with Tina. "I was at church in Chicago when someone came and got me and told me you'd been hurt in a football game," my mother said, sobbing. "I stayed in church and prayed to God that you'd be O.K., that nothing bad would happen to you. And then when I went home, as I walked into the apartment that picture of you on the living room wall—the one where you're wearing your Patriots' red-and-white uniform with the big Number 84—fell off the wall and shattered into a million pieces. It took me an hour to clean up all the glass."

The days passed into nights, and the nights passed into days. Tina was always at my bedside, her hand on mine. Poor Tina. She would be quiet for long stretches, and I could understand her mood. If I had been able to speak to her, I think I could have made her feel a lot better. A month or so before, she had seen her man leave Chicago and go off to work in New England as healthy a person as you could ever find. Now that same man was flat on his back, unable to talk, unable to do anything for himself. It was a tough thing for her to handle.

It didn't take me long to realize that I was paralyzed and that I probably wouldn't be walking out of the hospital any day soon—if ever. No one told me



I dreaded the twice-daily visits of the nurse with the screwdriver, who painfully tightened my halo.

# Winston America's Best.



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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Madden called urgently for the nurse when he saw the machine had stopped working.

that; they didn't have to. I still couldn't move a muscle. My whole body was useless. And, of course, I couldn't talk. I had a pretty good idea of what was happening to me. And also I had overheard my brother Wayne, who had come out from Chicago with my mother, telling someone on the phone that I had suffered a broken neck and that I'd probably never walk again.

In those early days in the hospital, all my communication was done with my eyes. I inspected everything going on, that is, everything I was able to see from my stabilized position in bed. I tried—desperately tried—to read the expressions on the faces of the doctors and the nurses, and also on the faces of my family, to get an idea of the severity of my condition. I hated it when the doctors or nurses or technicians would touch the machinery that was connected to me. If anyone even got close to the respirator, my eyes would light up and my face would tense. Get away from me! Get away from me! I couldn't say those things because of the tubes in my mouth, but

I wanted to shout them. I was scared that someone would pull the plug, that the respirator would be disconnected accidentally—and that Madden wouldn't be around to save me. I became frightened of almost everyone who came into my room.

I felt that certain nurses were definitely out to get me. One nurse came in a couple of times a day to adjust my oxygen intake. How did I know she was helping me? I had it in my mind that she was trying to get rid of me, that she was trying to cut off my life-support system. I kept thinking, "This dumb nurse couldn't care less if Darryl Stingley goes out of this hospital in a long box." All I knew was that the oxygen was helping keep me alive, and she was messing with it. My eyes told her that I hated her, and I hoped she got the message: Stay the hell out of my room, and stop screwing around with my life.

Tina could tell from the look in my eyes that I was suspicious of all these people, and she was always trying to calm me down and soothe my fears. "Baby, the

nurses are just following orders," she'd say. "I've talked to them, and what they're doing is trying to get you to do as much as you can for yourself. The more breathing you do for yourself, the better it is for you. They want you to reach the point where you won't need any respirator machine."

I didn't believe Tina. No way. Those people were all out to do away with me.

I really had it in for one doctor, a young guy, because he always made me feel that I was on my way out. He was never encouraging. His bedside manner was, you might say, crude. Most doctors wear a smile when they come into your room, even if they know you're not going to make it. Not this dude. He'd come in, his face would be sad, and he'd look at me, look at my charts, check my vital signs—and then I'd detect his head shaking, as if he were saying, "This guy's not going to make it out of here. Too bad."

I named that doctor "the Devil." I'd have called him the Devil to his face if I could have. He was a demon, the most negative thing I could think of, and he represented the worst: death. Just lying there and watching him day in and day out. I developed this terrible fear of him. He gave me hallucinations.

There were only a few people I trusted: Tina, the members of my family; Tom Hoffman, the Patriots' business manager at the time who had remained in Oakland to be with me and help my family; and John and Virginia Madden. John came by to see me just about every day. Once he arrived in my room close to midnight and apologized for being so late. I wasn't even expecting him. The Raiders had played a game that day in Denver, and when their plane landed back in Oakland, John rushed right over to see me. I can't tell you the love I have for that man. He did more to cheer me up than everyone else put together. And Virginia was forever stopping by or calling or doing things to help my family; on a couple of nights she even had the whole Stingley clan over to dinner.

As time passed, I became more aware of my surroundings. I was in a private cubicle of the intensive care unit, and my bed was something called a Stryker frame. I thought of it as "the pinacle" because I was strapped flat on my back and the doctors and nurses could flip the bed whichever way they wanted—and me along with it. When they'd want my

continued

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## Darryl Stingley

continued

blood to circulate in some other way, they'd just flip me over or onto my side or straight up and down—pancake-style.

One night when I was asleep my nurse

on you, Mr. Stingley," said a doctor I hadn't seen before. A myelogram? What the hell was a myelogram? Nobody ever told me anything.



*One morning I awoke, flipped over in the pancake, and Tina was on the floor beneath me.*

flipped me all the way over, so that I was facedown to the floor. When I woke up, Tina was stretched out underneath me.

"Baby," she said smiling, "I'm here to read you the sports pages." Which is what she did, starting with the player cuts by the NFL teams.

Ten days after I was injured a couple of orderlies walked into my room, played around with some screws on my bed, and wheeled me out of the ICU and down some corridors to a room that was colder than a meat locker.

"We're just going to do a myelogram

"The good news is that we won't have to transfer you to this swivel-type table because your Stryker frame is essentially the same thing," the doctor said.

And then the fun began.

"All right, Mr. Stingley," the doctor said, "I'm going to inject this dye into your spinal column." Before all the words were out of his mouth, I was in tremendous pain. God, did it hurt.

"Now, Mr. Stingley, I'm going to turn your frame every which way, and we're going to float the dye up and down your spinal column to find out, or double check, exactly where it is that the disks

and the vertebrae are out of whack. I know the pain you're feeling, but just bear with us for a little while."

The pain was excruciating. Two or three times they actually drained the fluid from my head—and it felt as though my head was going to fall off.

Finally, after about 45 minutes of the worst torture I'd ever experienced, the doctor said, "Thank you, Mr. Stingley. We've learned what we had to learn."

That night Dr. Pont, the neurosurgeon who had operated on me after I'd been injured, stopped into my room to tell me what they had learned. "Darryl," he said, "we're going to operate on you again tomorrow to fuse a couple of the vertebrae in your neck."

*Darryl Stingley underwent surgery this morning. A spinal fusion of the fourth and fifth cervical vertebrae was performed during the procedure in order to stabilize his neck. His post-operation condition is excellent.*

—MEDICAL BULLETIN

6:00 PM, P.D.T., WED., AUG. 23, 1978

A few days after my successful spinal-fusion surgery, a nurse came into my room carrying a stack of boards. "Darryl," she said, "we're going to teach you a whole new way to talk."

"What's this?" I thought. "Ned and the third-grade reader?" I didn't want a whole new way to talk. I wanted to talk the old way.

On one of the boards was a list of names—Tina, my mother, Wayne, Tom Hoffman, John Madden. On another board were the letters of the alphabet. And on a third board were the numbers one to 10. "When you want to speak to someone," the nurse said, "we'll just run our fingers down the list, and all you have to do is blink when we come to the name of the person you want to talk to. Then, when you want to talk, we'll use these other boards. You know how to spell, Darryl, don't you? Well, I point to a letter on this board, and when I come to the one you want, you just blink. It's complicated, I know, but it's better than nothing. Let's try it."

She ran her finger down the list of names, and when she stopped at Tina, I blinked.

"O.K., I'll get Tina," she said.

That Tina arrived, the nurse explained the procedure to her, and Tina



look over with the alphabet board. She pointed to A, B, C, but I didn't blink until she reached H. And then she started all over again, finally stopping when I blinked at the letter O.

"Is the word 'How'?" she said. I blinked.

The next word was simpler. When she pointed to A, I blinked. "How am I?" she said. I made no reaction. "How are you?" she said. I blinked. It took us only a minute to work out the next word: the.

"How are the boys? Is that what you want to say, Darryl?" she asked. I blinked.

"Hank and Derek are just great," she said. "They're getting ready to go back to school and are just waiting to see you."

Those last words stuck with me. Tina could see it in my eyes. I wanted to see my boys, too, but not the way I was. I was not the father they remembered. I was confined to a bed and probably would never walk again. And I had this monstrous halo around my head. Yes, my boys would see me again but, dammit, not before that halo was gone.

"Darryl, I understand," Tina said. "I understand perfectly." Tina always was a good mind reader.

Once I came through the spinal fusion surgery, the doctors relaxed the rules about visits—and my room became a hotel lobby. Ray Perkins, my old receivers' coach in New England, flew up from San Diego where he was the offensive coordinator for the Chargers. Chuck Fairbanks, the coach of the Patriots, and Billy Sullivan, the club's president, flew out from Boston. Marvin Gaye, one of my favorite entertainers, was doing a gig in the Bay Area, and he visited me two days in a row.

Several Oakland Raiders came down from camp to see me regularly, but Jack Tatum was not among them. He never came at all. Not once. One afternoon Dave Rowe and Mike McCoy, a couple of Raider defensive linemen, had everyone in the ICU in hysterics. Dave strolled into my room, all 270 pounds of him, pulled the covers off my legs, shook his head and said, "Say, have there been some rustlers in here?"

My mother looked confused. "No, of course not," she said.

"Hemmm," Rowe said, "well, somebody sure stole Darryl's calves."

They had indeed. I was down below

160 pounds, about 40 pounds less than my playing weight.

Then one night my doctor friend, the Devil, came by on his regular rounds and quickly ended all the merriment. He put

Dr. Pont told me that my left lung had collapsed and that I had developed pneumonia. He didn't tell me that my condition was **SERIOUS**. As I understood it, now that my lung had collapsed the doc-



In the hospital I learned a new way to "talk," by blinking my eyes to spell out words.

the stethoscope on my chest, listened for a few seconds, then stood back and looked sad. So sad, in fact, that I thought he was ordering up my casket. I read the worst, the absolute worst, in his face. He turned and walked out. Within moments, my room was filled with doctors and nurses, all whispering to one another.

*During the past three days there have been significant problems and complications regarding Darryl Stangley's lungs. These problems, despite vigorous treatment, persist and are potentially life threatening. Darryl Stangley's condition is now considered **SERIOUS**. His family remains with him constantly. . .*

—MEDICAL BULLETIN

11:00 A.M., P.D.T., FRI., SEPT. 1, 1978

tors were afraid that my other lung would go as well.

The gravity of my situation struck me when Wayne returned to my bedside. Wayne was always happy-go-lucky, but now he was acting very strange. As a rule, Wayne couldn't talk fast enough while telling me about the great times he had been enjoying over in San Francisco, but now there was a long silence. Then he said softly, "Brother, I'm going to stay here with you all night tonight. I'm not going nowhere."

When Wayne put his head down and rested it on the side of my bed, I said to myself, "Something's seriously wrong." Just then Tina walked into my room and took my hand. "I'm not going anywhere the rest of the night," she said, putting her head on my bed. "I'm staying right

*continued*

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Some features are subject to change.

here with you." Well, she had stayed with me on most nights, and she had never told me in advance that she was staying.

Why was she telling me now? What was up? Dammit, what was happening?

My mother came into the room, and she was a wreck, as usual. She was always nervous and jittery when she was around me in the hospital, which was why I didn't like her to be with me for too long. Now she was so nervous, so uptight, that no one in the family could stand it. "Just looking at her makes me think I'm on my way out," I thought. "She sure isn't very encouraging."

I didn't know it, but there was no reason for anyone to be encouraging about my condition. One of the doctors had called my family together in the chaplain's office and given them the bad word. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but Darryl's probably not going to make it through the night. He has pneumonia bad, and because of his collapsed lung, breathing is a problem for him. Unfortunately, there are no good signs present to make us think he'll pull through."

I was really scared, more scared than I had ever been. I thought the worst had to be coming: death. I wasn't afraid of dying; if it had to be, it had to be. But I still wanted to live. I wanted to see my boys grow, to play catch with them again, to kick a football around.

I closed my eyes and began to entertain thoughts of death. My death. I dreamed I was in a casket, and I saw people coming by the casket—and they were crying. I saw Tina. I saw my mother and my father, together again, the way they were before their divorce. I saw my boys; they were dressed in neat little suits. I saw some of my old teammates—Russ Francis, Sam Cunningham and Leon Gray. Prentice McCray, too. John and Virginia Madden were there, of course. Everyone.

In time, the dream passed, and I felt all alone. I told my God, "If I am to die, then your will is done. It is my wish at this time to live. Wherever I am when I wake will be all right with me. Wherever I am, it will be your will. But I pray that you spare me, for now."

Those were my last words, my last thoughts, as I passed into sleep. I was in his hands.

The next thing I knew, it was morning—and I was still breathing. Tina was



*I celebrated my 27th birthday on the fire escape of the ICU, looking out into spectacular sunlight.*

alongside me, asleep. Wayne was in a chair, dozing. One by one the doctors and nurses came into the room to look at me, as they probably had done all night. I got the feeling from their reactions that they expected me to be as cold as a cucumber. But there I was in living and breathing color. Alive, not dead.

Thank you, God.

From that day—Saturday, Sept. 2, 1978—things began to improve. Each morning the therapists would come in and work me hard, before then, they had given me the once-over-lightly treatment, probably thinking that I wasn't going to make it anyway, so why bother. They'd take my arms and legs and move them in different directions, to try to get some movement and circulation going. It hurt, really hurt at times, but the pain of the therapy didn't bother me.

Once the pneumonia was under control and my lungs cleared, the doctors ordered the tubes removed from my nose

and mouth. The respirator was disconnected. This meant I could eat real food. And no more intravenous yuk for meals. And no more blinking signals. For the first time in weeks I could talk. "Wayne," I said to my brother, "when you go to San Francisco tonight, I want you to bring back the biggest takeout order of New England clam chowder you can find so we can have ourselves a feast."

Just as Wayne left, my friend in the green coat with the screwdriver came by on his appointed rounds.

"Been waiting for you," I said snappishly. He was startled to hear the sound of my voice. "Buddy," I said, "let me tell you one thing. The day I finally start to walk again is the day I come back here to this hospital and screw some screws into your head twice a day, the way you've been doing to me. How do you think you'll like that?"

"I'd like it just about as much as you've liked it," he said. "Listen, Darryl, I don't want to hurt you. Honest. A long time ago I asked if they'd have someone else work on you because I didn't want to hurt you anymore. But they didn't have anyone else to do it. I'll be as happy as

continued

*From the forthcoming book Darryl Stingley: Happy To Be Alive, by Darryl Stingley with Mark Mulvey, to be published in October by Beaufort Books, Inc.*

## Darryl Stingley

continued

you are the day they discharge you from this place."

I felt awful. "Well, hey, man, ah, geez... I'm really sorry that I..."

"Forget it, Darryl," the man interrupted. "I knew that deep down you never meant any of those things you felt about me. I knew that once you got a chance to think about me and about what I was doing for you, not to you, that you'd come around in your thinking."

He took my hand, held it tight for a second, and then left.

"Darryl," I thought, "you know how to be a jerk at times."

A couple of weeks later, on Sept. 18, several doctors and nurses and orderlies walked into my room at once. Good heavens, I thought, another crisis. Then I saw Tina smiling, and soon everyone was singing *Happy Birthday*. To me. I was 27 years old. I began to cry, and they rolled me out of my little room, into the main part of the ICU and through a large door leading to the fire escape. There was a platform there, and they flipped my pancake into a position where I was looking out into the sunlight. Was it ever spectacular. The sun. Trees. People down there on the streets. Cars. Buildings. The whole world. A world I had not been a part of for so long.

We all had cake and ice cream, a real party. "Darryl," I thought, "all these people who are celebrating your 27th birthday today thought they'd be going to your funeral just a few weeks ago."

The next big date on my calendar was Sept. 24, when the Patriots returned to Oakland for a Sunday night game against the Raiders. Alone in my bed the morning of the game, I did a lot of thinking about Jack Tatum and what he had done to me back on Aug. 12. It was clear to me that Tatum had taken an unnecessarily brutal shot at me. I had not caught the ball. I was no threat to him. Also, he'd come at me running full speed and he'd had his forearm cocked. I had played against some great defensive backs. Mel Bloomenthal of the Steelers had no equal, and he never took cheap shots at receivers.

Neither did Mike Haynes, my Patriots teammate. Tatum could have pulled up. He could have stopped short of hitting me. And he certainly didn't have to nail me across the head with a blow that broke my neck and left me unable to move. But he had done it.

There was no doubt in my mind that the Patriots were going to beat the Raiders

not beyond our endurance. As long as we have faith in our own cause, and an unconquerable will to win, victory will not be denied us.

For some reason I had been scared to see my teammates. I accepted my situation, my condition, but I worried that what I represented to them was the worst thing they wanted to think about: a serious injury suffered during a football game. But when I actually saw them face-to-face for the first time since the night of Aug. 12, I was excited, not scared. I wanted to prove to them that I could talk, so I never shut up. I had a little joke for each of them. I teased Al Chandler, the tight end, that he'd have to find some more speed if he really wanted to take my place at wide receiver until I returned. I kidded Sugar Bear Hamilton about his weight. And I asked Russ Francis about



After playing—and beating—Oakland, the Patriots gave me the game ball.

how his love life was going. I had the time of my life. "Hey, guys," I said, "I'm probably not going to make it back for this season, but I'll be there in '79. This is only a temporary setback I've suffered."

I really thought it was just that, a temporary setback.

Too soon, much too soon, the doctors called a halt to the party; also, the players had to return to New England. One by one, they took my hand, said a few words of encouragement to me and then left to catch the team charter flight to Boston.

"Geez," I thought, "That's the second charter I've missed from Oakland to New England."

Two weeks later I took a midnight plane trip myself, but I don't remember very much about it because I was heavily sedated. When I woke up, I was in Chicago.

There wasn't a dry eye in the room. "Here, Darryl, we brought you this," they said together. And they gave me the ball that Sam had carried in for the winning touchdown.

Raymond Berry, our receivers' coach, stepped forward and said, "Darryl, I brought you this." He handed me a small silver frame with a quotation of Winston Churchill's inside. During the 1977 season I had left one of those quotes in the locker of each of my teammates. I read the words, as I had so many times before:

Sure am I that this day we are masters of our fate, that the task which has been set before us is not above our strength; that its pangs and toils are

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## HEROES

Sir:

In his article *What's Happened to Our Heroes?* (Aug. 15), William Oscar Johnson wrote, "The American sports fan really does not care very much whether jocks misbehave," as long as he has his tickets. Not true! I will be the first to admit that pro sports have a drug problem, and I feel it is sheer stupidity to think that the fans are not concerned. If drugs in sports are not controlled, the American fan will, in time, stop attending sports events.

PAT MEEGAN  
Wheaton, Ill.

Sir:

Apart from the issue of whether the actions of today's athletes are really any different from those of their predecessors, a more important issue has been left unaddressed: Should professional athletes be expected to follow a morally impeccable code of ethical conduct?

The bottom line in our society is that professional athletes are leaders. Leadership is not a part-time job. Leadership is a 24-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week commitment. The burdens are awesome and sometimes unfair, but nevertheless the responsibilities are there. Along with political, judicial, educational and business leaders across the country, professional athletes must help to provide direction for society. They must set an example. Therefore, it is time to stop excusing athletes' actions as a mere reflection of what is happening in our society. Our society is only as strong as its leaders.

ROBERT WASHUTA  
Jersey City

Sir:

I find the lack of integrity on the part of some of the athletes mentioned disgusting. As for the drug users, I agree with Reggie Jackson. There is a weakness in the character of a person who chooses to use drugs. Perhaps there is a solution to the problem of dealing with these delinquents. I feel Pete Rozelle & Co. are on the right track with their disciplinary measures. However, their efforts would be more effective if the miscreants were banned from their respective sports for a lengthy period of time. Such athletes are by no means suitable examples for the youngsters who idolize them. Someone must draw the line and levy substantial penalties before this nonsense gets out of hand.

DAVE HACHADRIAN  
Waukegan, Ill.

Sir:

Dale Murphy may have said it best: "[Athletes] should be treated like everybody else

because we are like everybody else." Today's athletes are placed on pedestals by us fans, which puts added pressure on them to perform well for us. This is not to absolve athletes of any wrongdoing. It is merely to suggest that we fans are part of the problem and will remain so until athletes are treated like average citizens.

SCOTT P. EDWARDS  
Westborough, Mass.

Sir:

You hit it right on the nose. The sports fan doesn't really care how his favorite player conducts himself off the field. Whether the athlete is dealing in chemicals or cars on Wednesday, the bottom line rests on his ability to play the game on Sunday. To the public, today's major league athletes are merely gladiators, one and all.

JIM GLECKSON  
New York City

## ELWAY'S DEBUT

Sir:

It is to be commended for its clearheaded diagnosis of the ills plaguing American sport in this megabucks era. I refer not to William Oscar Johnson's timely piece *What's Happened to Our Heroes?*, but to Douglas S. Looney's palaver about John Elway's precision professional football debut (*In Denver, Deftness & Spelled E-L-W-A-Y*) (Aug. 15). Looney on the "showboating," "bravado"—Does Elway read Proust and defenses with equal aplomb?—"phenom going on legend going on saint" vividly illustrates the modern sports equation: spendthrift owners + pampered players + hysterical media + boorish fans = puerile spectacle.

God forbid that the Broncos do play only 500 ball this year. Would Denver's mad fans string up their golden boy?

JAMES ISAACS  
Brookline, Mass.

Sir:

So, Denver sportscaster Mike Haffner calls John Elway "... Bradshaw with brains." When Elway has won four Super Bowls, then maybe we'll talk about comparing him to Bradshaw.

JOHN SOMMER  
Pittsburgh

## WHAT PRICE VICTORY? (CONT.)

Sir:

Sometimes an interesting set of letters prompts me to read an article that I neglected. Such was the case with the letters (Aug. 15) regarding Terry Todd's story *The Steroid Predicament* (Aug. 1). While I decry the use of anabolic steroids by participants in any sport, I was overwhelmed by the negative

possibilities of steroid use in pro football. The player quoted said aggressiveness acquired via these drugs might inspire him to answer a cheap shot with "a death blow." Does this mean that there will be more Darryl Singletarys in the NFL's future? A broken marriage is a serious enough result of steroid use, but a broken life?

I think Pete Rozelle should be as concerned about steroid users as he is about cocaine users. If they can't play without steroids, I wish they wouldn't play at all.

JANEY R. HERMANN  
Glovershire, Mass.

## PROTECTING BOXERS (CONT.)

Sir:

This is in response to your special report on boxing in the April 11 issue. I'm against the sport, but in view of the fact that it will continue, here's a suggestion to lessen its brutality. Legally, the fist of a boxer is considered a lethal weapon. The cestus, the thong hand covering—often loaded with lead or iron—used in ancient Roman times, certainly was. Boxers today tape their fists to protect their hands and use gloves to cushion the impact of their blows on their opponents. But despite this, repeated blows to the head cause concussions and sometimes cerebral hemorrhages and death.

Fighters and trainers who tamper with the horsehair padding in their gloves to reduce the cushioning effect are subject to disqualification and banning. However, after repeated impacts in a number of rounds the horsehair has been known to break away in the knuckle area, thus nullifying the desired cushioning effect. Therefore, I propose:

1) that a complement of gloves be available for each bout under the care and charge of the referee or an assistant.

2) that gloves be put on in the ring under the supervision of the referee;

3) that at the conclusion of Round 3 (or 4), an extra minute be added to the rest period so that a set of new gloves can be laced on the fists of each fighter; and

4) that this procedure be repeated at the conclusion of each three (or four) rounds of a fight.

I believe this will reduce some of the injuries to the contestants, especially facial cuts.

NATHAN GEORGE HOWITT  
Stockbridge, Mass.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.





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